

The Sketch

No. 757.—Vol. LIX.

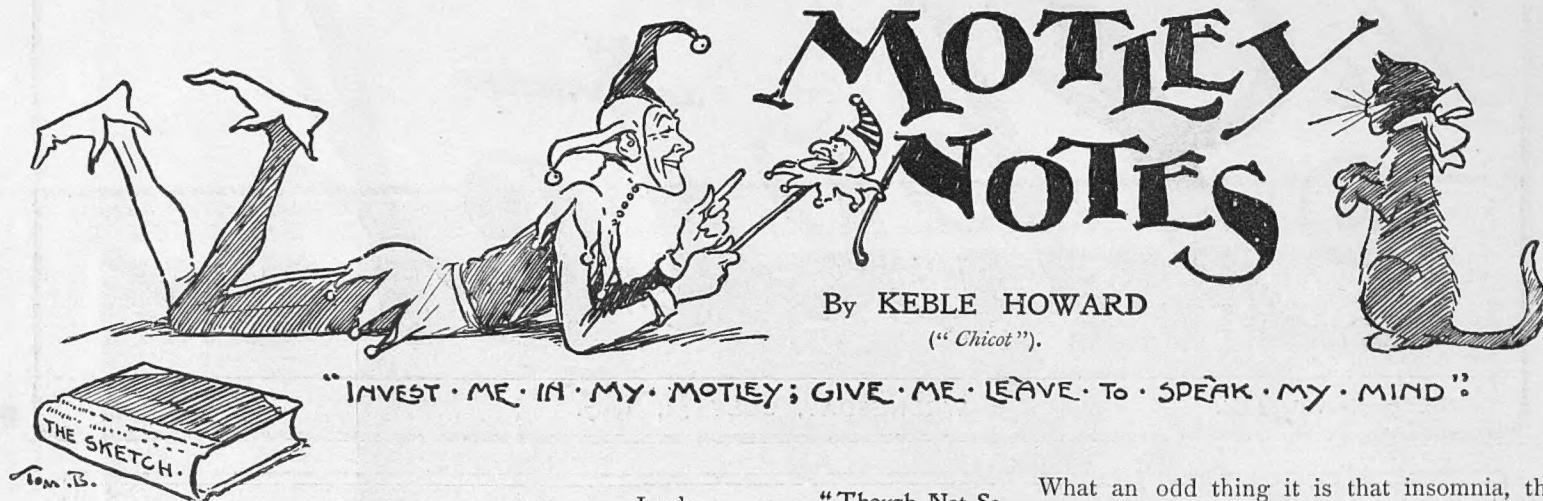
WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE FUTURE "LADY SHERLOCK HOLMES": MISS JEAN LECKIE, WHOSE MARRIAGE
TO SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE WILL TAKE PLACE IN SEPTEMBER.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous novelist, known the world over as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, is to marry Miss Jean Leckie in September next. Miss Leckie is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leckie, of Glebe House, Blackheath, and Monkstown Cottage, Crowborough.



With Apologies to the "D. T."

The trouble affecting the youth of England, if the correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph* will allow me a word on the subject, is not "slackness." It is the lack of genuine camaraderie. If a generation is divided against itself, that generation is bound to suffer. Overburdened by the senior, threatened by the junior, it will certainly stagger. The veterans and those of middle age are as thick as thieves. They know very well that the youthful generation—that is to say, the men between twenty-five and forty years of age—is keen enough and clever enough, if they would only stick together, to sweep them into a corner. But the young man of the present day looks upon every other young man in the same line of business as a rival, and he treats him accordingly. This is a proof of shallowness. One soldier, no matter how fine a fighter he may be, cannot win a battle. If the men around him retire in disorder he must go with them. If, on the other hand, the men around him hold their own, his exceptional ability stands a chance of recognition. There is probably more youthful energy in England to-day than at any other period of the nation's existence, but it is being expended upon the idiotic task of pulling in a thousand different directions. In the meantime, the Forty-Fifty boys are enjoying themselves to the full.

For Those Still on Deck.

Why is everybody hurrying away from London? It is very nice here. The leaves are green, the air is cool, the dust nuisance has not yet arisen. London, in short, is at her very best. In the country, on the contrary, holiday-makers are never sure whether it will rain before they turn the next corner, and the upper air is laden with the smoke of summer fires. Last year, I admit, it would have been absurd to remain in London during July, but this year it is just as absurd to leave it. Those of us who have had the wisdom to remain, anyway, are reaping the benefit of the habitual "rush." We are making a great fuss of each other, we are getting wonderful attention in clubs and restaurants, we can move to and fro without being jostled, cabmen and tradespeople beam upon us as we pass by, and we have the immense satisfaction of knowing that the hot weather is still in store. I do not write these lines, by the way, to depress those who have already left town. As a matter of fact, it feels so queer to be left behind that a little self-reassurance may be pardoned.

The Canary and the Man.

"Women, cats, and birds," says Mrs. Clement Scott in the *Free Lance*, "are the creatures that waste the most time on their toilets." For "waste" read "spend," and there is plenty of truth in the remark as applied to women. A woman may spend three or four hours a day on her toilet, but I cannot find it in my heart to say that those hours are wasted when the result is so astonishing. With regard to birds, I am not so well informed. I have seen caged birds taking baths, and they certainly splashed a great deal. A bird differs from a woman, though, in this respect: a bird never bathes unless it has an "audience." (I am not talking of sea-bathing.) If you retire round the corner, and watch a caged canary when it does not know you are there, you will note that that canary takes no bath. Return presently with three or four friends, and the splashing is at once renewed with tremendous violence. Turning, finally, to cats, I would call Mrs. Scott's attention to the fact that a cat's toilet is, at best, but a superficial affair. The face comes in for a good deal of buffeting, but the back and tail are left untouched. The average man, I think, spends more time on his toilet than the average cat. As a matter of ordinary justice, I think Mrs. Scott should bracket men with canaries.

"Though Not So Well."

What an odd thing it is that insomnia, that terrible affliction, should so often give rise to unconscious humour. What could be more ridiculous, for example, than for a grown-up person to devote an hour or so each night to watching imaginary sheep going backwards through a hole in an imaginary hedge! And yet this is by far the most popular "cure" for insomnia. I have just been reading an article by a doctor on the subject. It seems that he tells his patients to address themselves in these terms on going to bed: "I don't care a fig whether I sleep or not. If I sleep, well; if I do not sleep, also well, though not so well." In the first place, you see, they get off the mark with a thumping lie: "I don't care a fig whether I sleep or not." To a person of exact mind, it seems a little inconsistent to pray for the gift of truthfulness just before getting into bed, and then burden one's conscience with such a monstrous fib as "I don't care a fig whether I sleep or not." Passing on, we conclude the formula with a remark that very few people, I hope and believe, could repeat without laughing: "If I do not sleep, also well, though not so well." I sincerely trust that I shall not remember the doctor's recipe when I go to bed to-night. "Also well, though not so well" would certainly keep me chuckling for an hour or two.

History Made or Making.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle thinks that "history ought to be the most interesting subject on earth." I cannot quite follow this statement. A subject is either interesting or uninteresting, according to individual taste. "Ought" has nothing, so far as I can see, to do with it. This is a form of intellectual snobbishness that cannot be too strongly condemned. Thousands and thousands of people waste their hours of "recreation" in trying to take an interest in things that they are told they "ought" to appreciate. If you have not the historical sense, you may wander round Westminster Abbey every day in the year and you will never be any the wiser, or the nobler, or the happier for it. Historical sense is the faculty of being seriously amused by the strengths and weaknesses and achievements of the dead and buried. Personally, I can find all the serious amusement I need in the strengths and weaknesses and achievements and possibilities of the living. By the way, that is where the living have the advantage of the dead as a subject for intelligent study. They are endowed with possibilities. Would Sir Arthur Conan Doyle pretend that the story of King Henry the Eighth's matrimonial adventures is one-tenth as interesting as a really human twentieth-century divorce-suit?

Author's Anguish.

"Among the acutest of the small miseries of my existence," declares Mr. Hall Caine in the *Book Monthly*, "has been that of seeing a man, or more frequently a woman, take up and lay down, in the midst of a running fire of desultory conversation, in the trains, on the steamers, in the halls of hotels, or on the seashore, a story on which I might have spent all my strength, and have written, as I supposed, with my heart's blood." Now, that's all very well; but Mr. Caine must remember that there are a good many novelists, also writing with their heart's blood, who never see their stories taken up at all. When they do see them taken up, there is often a large fly in the ointment. A week or two ago, for example, I spent five hours in a railway carriage with a wealthy gentleman, unknown to me save by name and reputation, who was actually reading one of my own humble works. When he had finished it, he handed the volume to his son. The son remarked that his mother had read the same copy. It was a sixpenny edition, sold at fourpence-halfpenny. I get the halfpenny.

ACTRESS AND LIFE - SAVER.



A SUMMER STUDY OF MISS RHODA RAY, WHO IS PLAYING JENNIE IN "CHARLIE, THE SPORT,"

AT THE HAYMARKET.

Miss Ray began her theatrical career some three years ago, when she was eighteen, playing in "The Darling of the Gods." She has appeared at His Majesty's; in "Julie Bonbon," at the Waldorf; in "The Bondman," at the Adelphi; at the Garrick; with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; and at the Lyric. At sixteen, Miss Ray was awarded the Royal Humane Society's certificate for saving life. She is exceedingly fond of playing the piano, and paints landscapes.

Photograph by Bassano.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK.

AUSTRALIAN TERRIERS.

SEVEN members of a new breed of dog have been brought to this country from Australia. It is the Australian terrier, a rough-haired blue-and-tan type. They are nearest in type to our own Yorkshire dogs. They have soft silky top-knots and little brown legs. The legs are shorter than those of the Yorkshire terrier. All new arrivals have to be isolated for six months and weekly reports have to be made of their condition. The breed has been known in Australia for at least twenty years, but it has never been seen in England before.



THE CHILD CHAMPION OF DIAVOLO.

SINCE its revival the old game of Diavolo has become quite a craze in France, and even children have become expert players. No child of to-day goes to the Bois de Boulogne without its Diavolo things in its hand. The championship has just been won by a little girl, Mlle. d'Hampol, who has beaten grown-up players. She is playing just now at Queen's Club, Kensington. The game is played with a "devil," a toy like a dice-box shot from a cord stretched between two sticks.



ANOTHER OF THE AUSTRALIAN TERRIERS.

Photographs by courtesy of the "Daily Graphic."



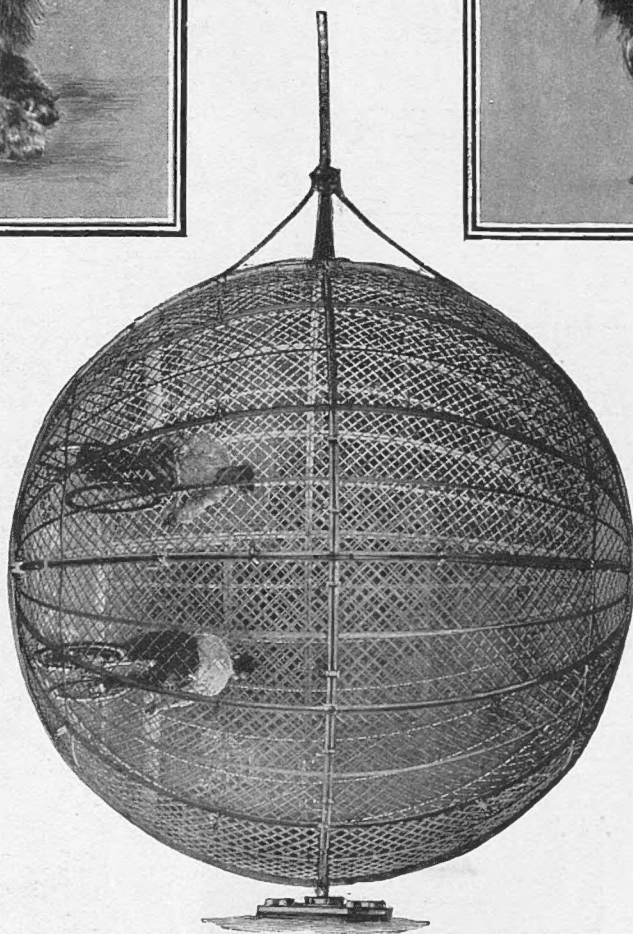
A DOG NEW TO ENGLAND:
AN AUSTRALIAN TERRIER.

A THIRD AUSTRALIAN TERRIER, ONE OF
THE NEW VISITORS TO ENGLAND.



A WOMAN WHO WON A CASE AGAINST
TWO K.C.'S: MISS EMILY MARY HOWE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE LATEST CYCLING SENSATION AT THE PAVILION:
RIDERS INSIDE A STEEL GLOBE.



THE FRENCH CHILD CHAMPION AT
DIAVOLO: MLE. D'HAMPOL.

Photograph by Topical Press.

A MATCH FOR K.C.'S.

MISS EMILY MARY HOWE brought an action against the Hon. Charles Russell, claiming damages on the grounds that Mr. Russell has neglected her interests while acting as her solicitor. Miss Howe conducted her case in person, and, although the defendant was represented by Sir Edward Carson, K.C., Mr. M. Lush, K.C., and Mr. T. Mathew, (instructed by Messrs. Lewis and Lewis) she won her case and was awarded £25 damages.



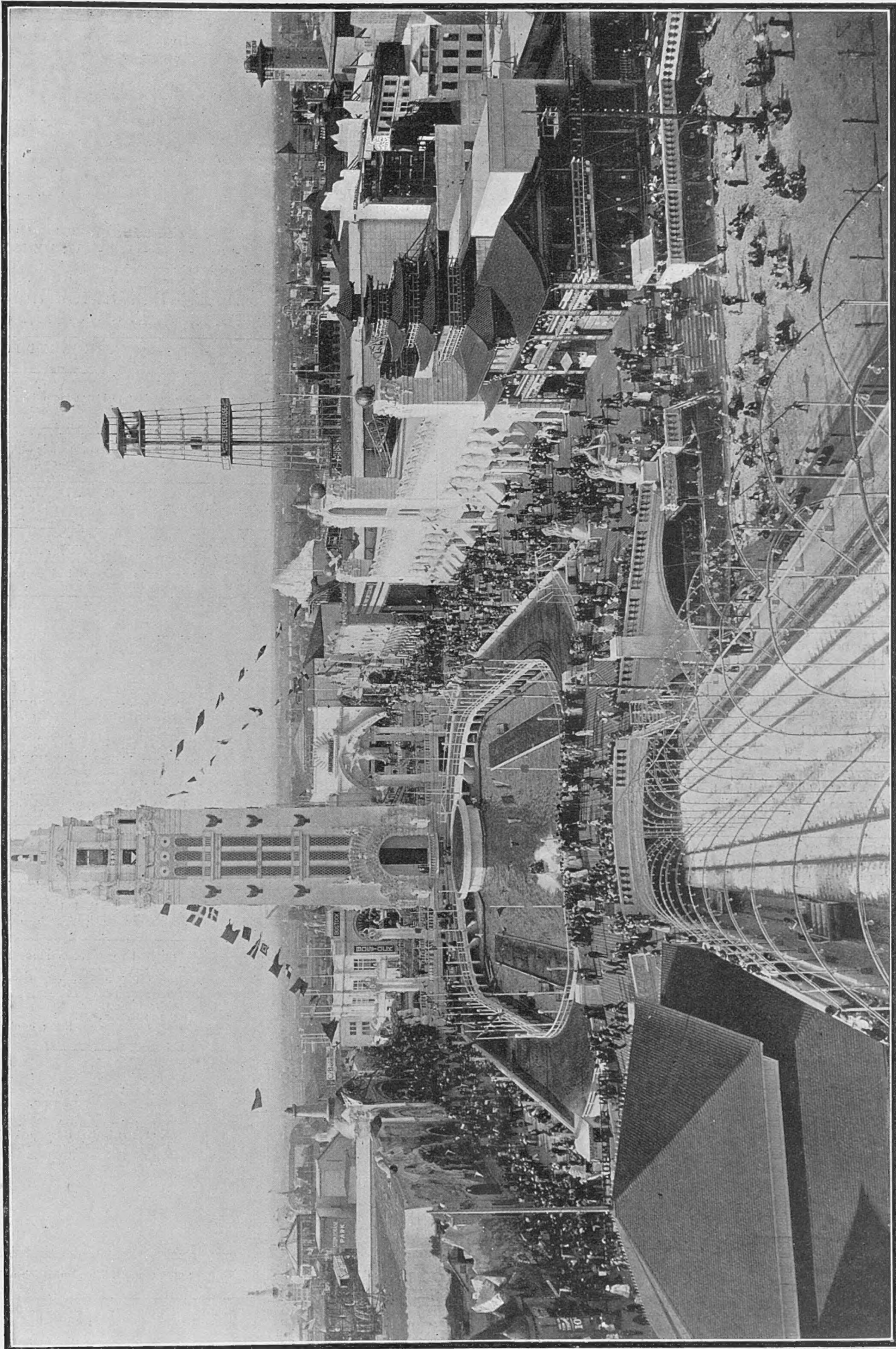
THE TELEPHONE MURDERER: DR. CARL HAU.

THE NEWEST CYCLING SENSATION.

A CYCLING feat, performed with an apparatus similar to that in our illustration, has just been produced at the Pavilion by the three Rohrs. Inside a revolving globe of steel the three cyclists perform the most wonderful evolutions on their machines. They go at a tremendous speed, with their bodies parallel to the ground, and at various angles, and finally they ride in a vertical plane with their heads downwards.

Dr. Carl Hau, condemned to death at Karlsruhe for the murder of his mother-in-law, Frau Molitor, was a distinguished member of the American Bar, and was Secretary to the Turkish Consul-General at Washington. On the night of Nov. 6 last he lured his mother-in-law by a telephone-call to a post-office at Baden, and, meeting her on the way, shot her dead.

THE BURNING OF AMERICA'S BLACKPOOL: CONEY ISLAND SWEEP BY FIRE.



AMERICA'S £2,000,000 FUN CITY, WHICH WAS PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE ON SUNDAY LAST.

Coney Island is generally known as the American Blackpool, and is the most famous playground in the United States. On Sunday last it was swept by fire, and about a third of it was destroyed, the damage being estimated at £250,000. The island is within three quarters of an hour's journey of New York, and is one gigantic fair-ground. There are to be seen all those attractions and side-shows, sensational and otherwise, of which we get an occasional taste in this country. It is extraordinary that, as far as can be ascertained at the moment, only two people, a woman and a child, were badly burned. In fighting the fire, twenty-seven firemen were injured.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

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THE CLUBMAN

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE AT BOULOGNE—VISITS OF BRITISH BANDS TO FRENCH TOWNS—
ANGLO-FRENCH FRIENDSHIPS—LES BŒUFS.

I HAVE spent a week-end at Boulogne, and I found it bubbling over with Entente Cordiale. The place depends so much upon the British for its prosperity that it is natural that the section of the inhabitants which makes its money through the visitors should feel enthusiastic towards the

some of the pressure on the gallant Six Hundred, and there were a dozen other occasions when French helped British or British helped French on foughten fields. In the Colonies, the French officers and the British come more often into friendly contact than they do at home. Many of our men in Africa have told me what pleasant fellows they have found the French officers employed on boundary survey work. The two Commissions have always interchanged the rough hospitality to be found in camps, and it is typical of the two nationalities that, though the British Commissioners have been always better supplied with stores, the Frenchmen have invariably given the English a better dinner than the English could give the French, which is an argument in favour of one of my favourite suggestions, that every British boy should be taught to cook.

In Mauritius the French officers from the neighbouring islands are often guests at the officers' mess, and return the hospitality when British officers land on French soil. When the Buffs, many years ago, had a detachment at Mauritius, their officers and some of the N.C.O.s were invited to Réunion, and the town of St. Denis took holiday to receive them. The name of the British regiment puzzled the French greatly, but at last someone of high intelligence came to the conclusion that the name was really French, but had been misspelt. So it happened that when the officers of the Buffs larded they saw a great banner stretched across the road, with on it "Vive les Bœufs!" and on invitation-cards and menus and addresses of welcome they found themselves universally described as Les Bœufs.

Boulogne, I found, is waking up, and it is indeed high time, for Wimereux and Le Touquet, and other little towns on the northern coast are now in fierce competition with it as places of amusement. Next year it proposes to inaugurate a week of sports, and to have tennis tournaments and a regatta for yachts at the same time as its Concours Hippique. The new Director of the Casino, M. de St. André, is a man of taste and energy, and has already made his mark on the town. The Concours Hippique was in progress at Boulogne during my visit there, and the same tall, lean riders whose faces I have seen at Nice and Cannes, Pau and Biarritz, were going over the fences on horses which spend their lives in the



A FAMOUS OAR HURT IN A MOTOR ACCIDENT: MR. GUY NICKALLS.

Mr. Guy Nickalls, the famous Oxford oarsman, has had his arm broken in a motor accident between Slough and Eton. He is one of the few men who have kept up their form in middle life. At Henley he was rowing in important races. He is now showing the way to the younger generation.

Photograph by Sports and General Illustrations.

country which sends them yearly a legion of money-spending outlanders; but the feeling goes a good deal deeper than that. A very popular English-speaking Mavor, whose daughter has married a young British officer, has done much to bring the English and French together on pleasant terms in the town he rules, and not the least important incident in the fraternisation of the two sides of the Channel has been the visit to Boulogne of one of the Guards bands.

The people of Boulogne took this visit as a great compliment, and there was not a single one of the old pensioners who doze under the trees on the battlements of the upper town, not a single sea-tanned fisherman who did not go to hear the British band play. The band of the Garde Républicaine was at Boulogne at the same time, and the local bands and the bands of the two Guard regiments fraternised. The French army had its doubts as to the wisdom of the Entente Cordiale long after the hôteliers and the jewellers of the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue Masséna had hailed it as a joyful and accepted fact; but I see signs now not only that the French army has, as a whole, accepted the Entente, and is prepared to offer the British Army the friendship the Russian army already enjoys, but also that individual bonds of good-will are likely to grow up between English and Gallic regiments. This will be brought about by an interchange of visits of bands, with a few officers and warrant-officers accompanying the musicians.

Half-a-dozen Sovereigns of foreign countries are Colonels-in-Chief of British regiments. It is a pity that this high military honour cannot be paid to the head of the nation in Europe most friendly to us; but the compliment is a personal one, paid to the individual, not to the high position he holds, and Presidents succeed each other so rapidly that if each were made a British Colonel-in-Chief there would hardly be enough regiments to go round. If we cannot send the President a uniform carried by the officers of his regiment the Government can at least encourage the visits of British Army bands to French cities. Lille as well as Boulogne has given welcome to English soldier-musicians, and this visit also was triumphantly successful. There should be plenty of old Crimean memories to revive; the Light Brigade might well get into touch with the French cavalry, who strove to relieve



A HUGE DOLL'S HOUSE: A MODEL DWELLING IN THE GARDEN CITY.

The model house is in the Garden City Exhibition. It looks as though the Garden City Company were trying to outdo the London County Council in the size of workmen's dwellings.

Photograph by Park.

various arenas. The jumping is the portion of the programme at these Concours which draws the general public, but the shows are of real use in improving the local breeds of horses. The great Concours at Paris, where the National Society has its headquarters, brings in large sums of money, and the society spends its profits in giving good prizes at the various provincial Concours for the best animals of the local breeds, the best cart-horses, the best hackneys.

A STROKE FOR WOMAN'S EQUALITY IN ROWING.

BY THE STROKE OF DR. FURNIVALL'S WOMEN'S SCULLING EIGHT, MISS KATE A. LOCK.

RATHER more than eleven years ago Dr. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., started the Furnivall Sculling Club for Girls. It was then called the Hammersmith Girls' Sculling Club, and was intended to enable its members, working girls, who had no opportunity of getting exercise in the air during the week, to be out on the river on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. After a time it was found that the girls could not manœuvre the boats on and off the raft, so that mere men were allowed to come in to do the heavy work. When this happened, a large contingent came from the Working Men's College, in which, as most people know, Dr. Furnivall has been interested ever since it started.

The club is essentially a pleasure one, and its members not only boat together, but have many opportunities of meeting at teas and social gatherings throughout the year at its club-house, in Lower Mall, Hammersmith. The exercise in the boats has also a wonderful hygienic effect, and new members who come in thin, pale, and anæmic soon begin to put on flesh and to get a colour, so that within a very short time everybody is able to notice the difference in their condition. From the physical development point of view "The Doctor," as we all call him, is very keen on sculling as opposed to rowing, for sculling develops both sides of the body equally, the pull being even.

From small beginnings the fleet has increased in numbers until now we have accommodation in the boats for about a hundred or more. The fleet consists of three large three-scullers, three large double-scullers, four double-outrigged skiffs, three rum-tums, or single scullers, and two half-rigged double-scullers with sliding seats. These last were given to the club by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and in them the girls get their first lessons in sculling on the sliding-seat. Then there are three racing sculling-fours, one canvas-double, and a sculling-eight. This last was an old Clasper boat, which was originally built for Cambridge University. Naturally, it was designed for oars, and when it came into the club the sliding-seats had to be centred and extra rowlocks added to make it available for sculling.

During the winter, the girls who are enthusiastic go out every Sunday with Dr. Furnivall in the eight or one of the fours, for every Sunday during the winter, no matter what the weather, he sculls from Hammersmith to Richmond and back. And "The Doctor" is eighty-two years of age. If the weather is too bad for anyone else, he still goes in a rum-tum alone. Naturally, his enthusiasm is contagious, and last winter so many girls qualified for going into the light boats that when our annual regatta came along, early in June this year, it was suggested that there should be a race between picked crews in the light fours. There are probably sixteen girls out of a total membership of fifty-six girls who could with safety be trusted in the light boats. From them

it was decided to make up two crews. The captain of the club last year, Lizzie Skinner, who happens also to be the heaviest member, was selected to stroke one, and I was selected to stroke the other.

We picked our crews one at a time, tossing for first choice, in order that the boats might be as evenly matched as possible. The course was from Thornycroft's to the club-house, near Hammersmith Bridge, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. It was a splendid race, and my crew won by three lengths. Perhaps I ought to say we did not have girl coxswains, but men.

As soon as that race was over, both crews were marched off by Dr. Furnivall to the eight, which was in readiness, in order that he might himself have the pleasure of acting as coxswain to the first girls' sculling eight ever started in the world. With him at the lines, we pulled up to Barnes and back, a distance of about two miles.

Our costume is dominated by the views of Mrs. Grundy. It consists of a white sweater and a skirt with an elastic band to fasten round the knees, so as to prevent the skirt getting into the wheels of the sliding-seats, and most of us wear a white brewer's cap. I need hardly say that the fastening of the skirt in this way makes it dangerous, and a skirt in a racing-boat being out of place, it is decidedly inartistic. Indeed, if anyone said our get-up was as bad as it could be, I should not be disposed to quarrel with him; but prejudices have to be allowed for, and some girls might not be permitted to come to us if we did not wear a skirt, but went in for knickerbockers or bloomers.

The first time my crew went out in the eight they worked very well together. This was to be expected, as they had been sculling all the year round. After sculling with them and sculling with

men I have no hesitation in saying that the boat always seems much steadier when it is manned only by girls. The reason for this probably is that the men put more weight on and swing more. At first, no doubt, the novice finds it difficult to get into the proper swing. To help her as much as possible a new girl is not put in a boat with other girls, but makes the fourth with three men. In this way she gets put through her paces very quickly, for the men are always hard on the novices, for their own good, and the hardest is the Doctor. All the members of the club agree that the best training for them is to go from Hammersmith to Richmond in the boat in which the Doctor is bow. It is impossible for any change to be made on the way, and the Doctor's language is forcible, so that it always brings about the desired result.

So far as I myself go, I have never dieted for training. Many of the other girls have trained to a large extent on eggs, and they invariably have milk-and-egg before they go out. Few of them smoke, but, as they are all practically teetotalers, training is not as hard on them as it is on men generally.



DR. FURNIVALL AND MISS KATE LOCK, CAPTAIN OF THE FIRST GIRLS' SCULLING EIGHT.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



OARSWOMAN AND SWIMMER: THE STROKE OF DR. FURNIVALL'S GIRLS' SCULLING EIGHT.

Photograph by Thiele

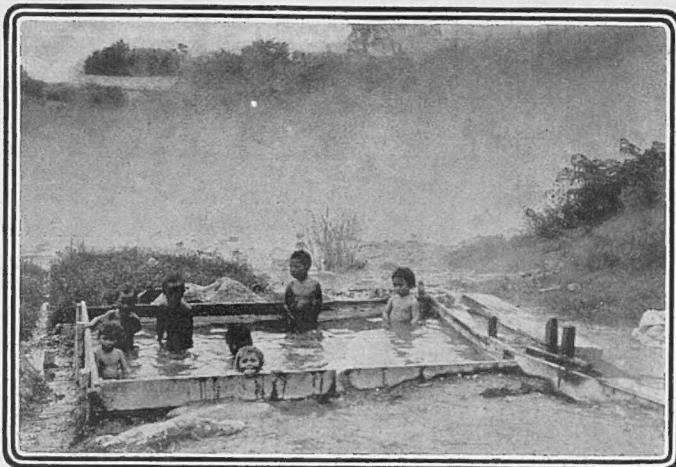
OUR WONDERFUL WORLD !



PILED UP WATER 50 FEET HIGH: THE COLORADO RIVER IN FLOOD.

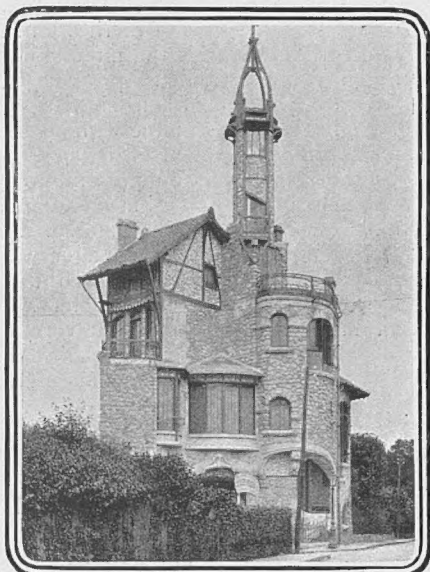
During flood-time the water of the Colorado River as it rushes through the cañons is heaped up in the middle of the stream, often to a height of 50 feet higher than the surface of the water where it touches the banks of the river. The photograph shows the peculiarly solid appearance of the water and its curious rise into a ridge at the middle of the stream. It might be mistaken for a glacier.

Photograph by C. C. Pierce and Co.



NO TROUBLE ABOUT HOT WATER: BATHS ALWAYS READY.

The hot springs are one of the most wonderful curiosities in New Zealand. They are in the volcanic regions, which were the famous Pink Terraces, blown away by the great eruption some fifteen years ago. The late Mr. J. L. Toole had a photograph of himself immersed up to the neck in one of these springs and surrounded by Maoris. The Maoris were real, but Mr. Toole had stuck his own portrait on the photograph to deceive his friends.—[Photograph by Rolak]



A FREAK VILLA NEAR SÈVRES:
ALL STYLES IN ONE.

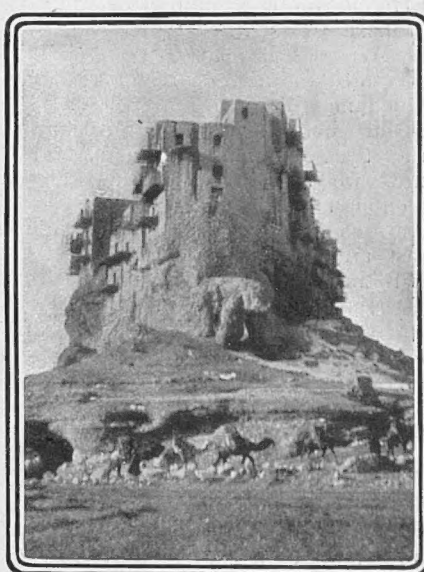
The villa is the freak of a French architect. He decided to build a house which would combine every style of ancient and modern architecture in the smallest possible space.

Photograph by H. G. Archer.



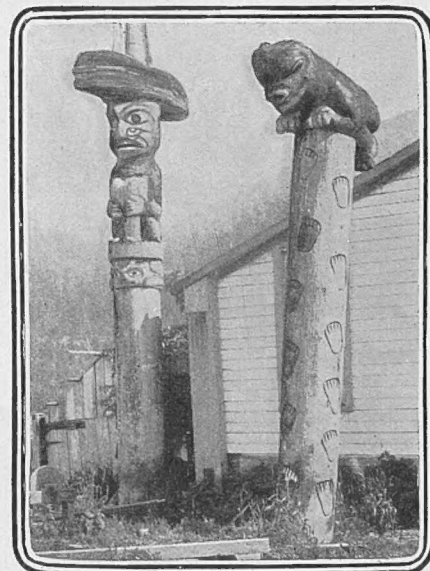
A PICTURE THAT PAINTED ITSELF.

In the Church at St. Ouen, at Pont-Audemer, 18 miles south-east of Havre, is a gigantic painting of Abraham offering up Isaac. The artist died before the picture was completed, leaving a rough sketch of an angel in the top right-hand corner. In the course of years the figure of the angel was finished, although no mortal hand touched the picture. The inhabitants of the place believe that when a crime is committed in the neighbourhood the figure of the angel becomes blurred, and in the case of murder almost invisible.



SUGGESTIVE OF THE OLD WOMAN THAT
LIVED IN A SHOE.

This curiously compact rock dwelling is at Yezchikhash, in Persia. It is one of the most ancient inns in the world, and may have suggested to Omar Khayyâm his "battered caravanserai, whose portals are alternate night and day."



GIANT FAMILY CRESTS IN ALASKA.

The clan-sign, or totem, is a bird or beast believed to be the actual ancestor of the tribe. No tribe may kill or eat its own totem, nor may tribes having the same totem intermarry or carry on a blood feud. Every Alaskan Indian has his own totem-pole before his house. Rich men add to their own totem all the crests and stories connected with their families.

Photograph by F. J. Wrangell



THE DANGEROUS PET OF THE ONLY
WOMAN WHO RUNS A "ZOO."

The Zoological Garden, which is in America, is the only exhibition of the kind in the world which is kept by a woman. It occupies about twenty acres, and is well stocked with birds and animals. Attached to the Zoological Garden is a theatre.

Photograph by Shepstone.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"—"THE POCKET MISS HERCULES"—
"THE SECOND MRS. GRUNDY"—"CHARLIE THE SPORT."

WITHIN the last few days "Mrs. Wiggs" has reached its hundredth performance, and is still running; also, we have seen the production of a new English farce, "The Pocket Miss Hercules," which promises to be successful. Both are farces, but there is a curious difference. Our native piece will amuse those who like lively nonsense; the American work has enough lively nonsense and childish extravagance to be of little account as drama, but underlying this is a certain feeling for real character, and a picture of manners quite interesting to those to whom its more popular elements are tiresome. To some extent, no doubt, if America had not been deluged with farces of "The Pocket Miss Hercules" type, the play of Mr. Clouston would have the interest in the States which "Mrs. Wiggs" has for us. It gives some insight into national characteristics through the medium of caricature; moreover, if successful here, it would give an idea of the taste of our playgoers. Probably by now we and the Americans are quite well enough acquainted with the tastes of our patrons of the drama; certainly they at least are, since for many years we have flooded them with plays, mostly rubbish. However, the characters in Mr. Clouston's farce seem much further from human nature than the people in "Mrs. Wiggs,"

artists who are overlooked by the people who complain of the dearth of competent actresses; it is quite easy to see that Miss Hubbard would be of great value in many comedies.



THE SMARTEST LADY IN TOWN: MISS SIMETA MARSDEN, WINNER OF THE "PELICAN" PRIZE.

Miss Simeta Marsden has won the "Pelican" first prize as the smartest lady of the season. She will appear at the Palace Theatre on Bank Holiday next, Aug. 5, with songs of her own composition.

Photograph by Bassano.

and far more workmanlike. Miss Daisy Atherton acted quite brightly in the one part, and Mr. W. T. Lovell played very well in the other, and their efforts did cause some laughter.

A great part of the success of "Mrs. Wiggs" is due to the admirable performance of Mrs. Madge Carr Cook in the name-part. She is an actress who reminds one much of Miss Fanny Brough—I abstain from comparison—and her work is distinguished by a delightful absence of self-consciousness, remarkable after long runs abroad and here; she "gets there every time" without showing any sign of effort. Much the same may be said of Miss Esmé Hubbard, who presents the heroine of "The Pocket Miss Hercules," and lends some dignity to the play by avoiding the customary farcical method of forcing her points; so far as the part permits she is natural and easy in style, and may safely be added to the long list of excellent



Mlle. MARCELLE CHEVALIER, WHO PLAYS THE BARONESS GRANCLOS IN "MY WIFE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"Charlie the Sport" seems founded on Gilbert's idea in the famous poem beginning "When the enterprising burglar ain't a-burgling," and shows that, apart from their irregular method of adjusting the rights of property, the pickpockets may be noble creatures. Charlie is a pick-pocket, and spends his gains on Jenny extravagantly, but the relations between the two are quite correct: he hopes to marry her. Let no coarse cynic imagine that they do not attach full weight to the sanctity of marriage. Also, he has a truly Christian spirit of self-sacrifice. He reminds me of the scoundrel who, on his way to the gallows, informed the chaplain, with pride and joy, that, though he had lived a life of crime, he had never wavered in his attachment to the Church of England. So Charlie saves his enemy in order that the girl whom he himself loves may be happy with his faithless pal. The French author and Mr. Michael Morton have contrived a picturesque setting, and the racecourse humours amused the house. Mr. Buckler acted very well as Charlie, and one of his comrades was capitally represented by Mr. Harry Norton. The little play is mounted in a costly fashion, and contains quite a large number of speaking characters as well as a host of supers.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S
DAUGHTER - IN - LAW.



MRS. RAYMOND ASQUITH.

Miss Katherine Horner was married on July 25 at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr. Raymond Asquith. The marriage brought together one of the most brilliant political gatherings of the season.

Photograph by Cavendish Morton.

SMALL TALK



MISS MAUD DAVONPORT, TO BE MARRIED TO CAPTAIN ROBINSON CAMPBELL.

Photograph by Thomson.

really original rendering of her beautiful sitter. This young lady artist is the daughter of a sculptor who has executed more busts of Queen Alexandra than has any other artist now living, his first marble presentment of her Majesty having been executed only two

years after her marriage. For over forty years both King Edward and Queen Alexandra have shown unfailing kindness and favour to the veteran sculptor, and when his daughter also developed an artistic gift their Majesties were among her first patronesses, while her work was much appreciated by the late Duc d'Aumale.

Marie d'Epinay is small and fragile-looking, but she is an indefatigable worker, and most of the great Parisian beauties have sat to her; while she has been the most successful of the artists who have tried to immortalise Mr. Gordon Bennett, of

mother still owns a charming property in Greater Britain.

Bombay's New Governor.

The appointment of Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke to be Governor of Bombay is a good thing for India, but a distinct loss to the War Office at home, for Sir George has long been known to those behind the scenes as one

of the ablest of living thinkers on the whole art of war. He was one of the Committee of Three—the other two being Lord Esher and Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Fisher—who were given the task of reorganising the War Office after the South African War, and they did it with a thoroughness which must have made them many enemies. Personally, Sir George is a charming man, with regular features and a bushy moustache, characteristically downright in all business matters. His knowledge of fighting is practical as well as theoretical, as his medals testify.

He is married to a daughter of General Fellowes, and they have one daughter.

The Princess en Voyage.

The Princess of Wales is enjoying a well-earned holiday in Germany and Switzerland. Her Royal Highness, unlike most ladies belonging to the highest caste, always feels about this time of the year the necessity for a thorough change. Before enjoying a brief spell of complete rest among the mountains, she has, however, fulfilled what she regards as a sacred duty by paying a visit to her aged aunt, the Grand Duchess Augusta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, now eighty-five years of age, and by far the oldest member of our royal family. During the Princess's absence, her children will be at Abergeldie, where Prince Edward of Wales will, for the first time in his short life, be allowed to "go out with the guns."



LADY EDMONSTONE, WIFE OF THE NEW GROOM-IN-WAITING TO THE KING.

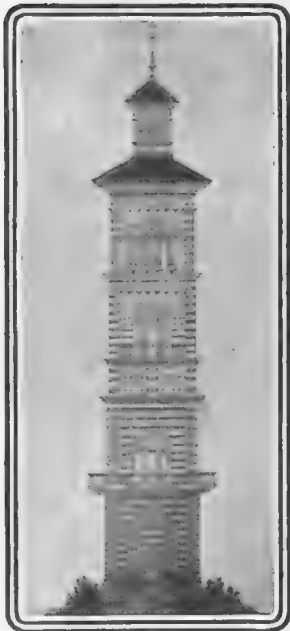
Photograph by Walter Barnett.



PEDDLING COOKS AND CAKES IN SICILY: A REGISTRY-OFFICE AND BAKERY COMBINED.

In the picture is seen a humble servants' registry-office keeper, who combines what in Sicily is a somewhat precarious business with a more profitable commerce in cakes. In Sicily every maidservant must have a chaperon, and mistresses have to agree to take their cooks to church, and on no account to let them out-unattended. Charwomen and sewing-women bring with them their chaperons, as do messenger-girls and lady shop-assistants.

Photograph by E. N. A.



THE TOWER THAT WOULD NOT GROW: THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE JAMES WATT MEMORIAL.

The idea of building a James Watt Memorial in Greenock Cemetery with stones brought from all parts of the world has now been abandoned, and it is proposed that instead a James Watt Institute should be erected on the site of the engineer's birthplace in Greenock. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is to help the scheme.

Photograph by Park.

New York Herald and motoring fame.

A Military Engagement.

Scotch Society and both the Colonial and military worlds are interested in the engagement of Captain William Robinson Campbell, D.S.O., the eldest son of Sir Charles Campbell of Auchinbreck, and Miss Maud Kathleen Davenport, whose father was a popular officer in the 47th Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. The bridegroom is a grandson of a famous New Zealand worthy, the late Hon. William Robinson, M.L.C., and his



OUR AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON VISITS AN AMERICAN WOMEN'S COLLEGE: MR. JAMES BRYCE AND DR. THOMAS, LADY PRESIDENT OF BRYNMAWR COLLEGE.

Mr. Bryce was a guest at Brynmawr College, near Philadelphia, on Commencement Day. Mr. Bryce addressed the graduates. The Ambassador is photographed on the Campus with Dr. Carey Thomas, the President of Brynmawr.

Photograph by "Leslie's Weekly."



THE TOWER THAT WOULD NOT GROW: THE UNFINISHED JAMES WATT MEMORIAL AT GREENOCK.

The intention was that the tower in Greenock Cemetery should be built with stones brought from all parts of the world. Each stone was to have the giver's name inscribed. The tower, which was to be visible to mariners on the Clyde, got no further than is shown in the photograph.

Photograph by Park.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PEKING-PARIS COURSE.

HARDLY A BROOKLANDS TRACK.



1. ROCKY ROADS AFTER THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

2. LIGHTING-UP OUTSIDE KALGAN.

3. PLOUGHING THROUGH DEEP SAND:
M. CORMIER'S CAR NEAR THE RIVER IRS.4. STUCK IN THE MUD: M. COLLIGNON'S
CAR NEAR WERKUÉ OUDISUK.5. MORE RUT THAN ROAD IN THE VALLEY OF THE
IRS: M. CORMIER'S AND M. COLLIGNON'S CARS.

6. MAKING ROUGH ROAD PASSABLE OUTSIDE KALGAN.

7. SUNK IN THE MUD UP TO THE WHEEL-CAPS: THE DE DION BOUTON.

The Peking-Paris motorists have now been nearly seven weeks on their journey. On July 20 they crossed the boundary between Asia and Europe. Prince Borghese, with his Itala car, was ten days in advance of the other competitors. Prince Borghese reached Kazan on July 23, and twenty versts further on he found a well-made European road—the first he had seen since he left Peking.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 6 by Branger; 3, 4, 5, and 7 by E. Langoni.



LADY LAMINGTON,
Wife of the Retiring Governor of Bombay.
Photograph by Alice Hughes.

sorts. This year his Majesty is being entertained by a charming girl hostess, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, the youngest daughter of the Duke, who has of late taken over the responsible duties of mistress of his various great establishments. In a sense, Lady Helen, of course, shares her duties as royal hostess with her charming sister-in-law, Lady March. Society in West Sussex has changed greatly of late years, and the famous Goodwood Meeting has gained much, and also lost something, by the coming of the motor-car. In old days, the gathering on the pretty lawn had almost the appearance of an exclusive garden-party; but now the horseless carriage has annihilated distance, and hundreds of motorists find their way to the racecourse—a number coming from the various seaside towns along the South Coast.

A New Groom-in-Waiting. Rear-Admiral Sir Archibald Berkeley Milne, who has just been appointed by the King one of his two new Grooms-in-Waiting, had a most distinguished career before his connection with our royal family. When still a boy he took part in the Transkei War, and in the Zulu Campaign he was A.D.C. to Lord Chelmsford, being badly wounded at Ulundi and mentioned in dispatches. He was also Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral Hoskins during the Egyptian War.



SIR BERKELEY MILNE,
One of the new Grooms-in-Waiting to the King.
Photograph by Dickinson



WHAT many of us would count a whole lifetime has gone by since the King, as Prince of Wales, paid his first visit to Goodwood. His Majesty has been more often the guest of the reigning Duke of Richmond than of any other great British noble; and on one historic occasion there were included in the Goodwood house-party twelve royal personages, including the heirs to the British and the Russian thrones and their Con-

Lord and Lady Lamington. Lord and Lady Lamington are among those hard-working couples who may be said to adorn the British Peerage, and provide the best of all excuses for the House of Lords, for they perform, in a quiet and unostentatious way, great services to their country. The resignation by Lord Lamington of the Governorship of Bombay has aroused much regret in India; but, unfortunately, Lady Lamington's state of health



LORD LAMINGTON,
Retiring Governor of Bombay.
Photograph by Dickinson.

was such that she was not able to be much with him in the East. *Née* Miss Mary Hozier, Lady Lamington went out when little more than a bride to Queensland, and there, while mistress of Government House, she won golden opinions. Her little son was born there, and though the first of his names is Victor, after the late Sovereign, his second is Brisbane, after the capital of Queensland. Both Lord and Lady Lamington are exceedingly fond of travel, and when out in Australia they made many long journeys, roughing it with great good-humour. Lady Lamington's intimate acquaintance with the lives led by the settlers' wives and daughters in the more lonely regions of Greater Britain inspired her with the admirable idea of starting a women's hospital in Brisbane. This interest in the sick and poor brought her into close touch with the Princess of Wales, to whom she was for some considerable time Lady-in-Waiting.

A Lady of the Court. Lady Clementine Walsh, who is Lord Camden's only sister, is one of the most attractive ladies of the Court. She married the new Master of the Ceremonies, who is the eldest son and heir of Lord Ormathwaite, seventeen years ago, and she has always been in a special sense a friend of the King's daughters—indeed, at one time she acted as unofficial Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Norway, that, of course, being in the days



Maximilian.
A CHILD WHO MIGHT BE KING OF HUNGARY, BUT NEVER EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA: MAXIMILIAN CHARLES, SON OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND.

The little four-year-old boy standing on the chair is the son of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand by his morganatic wife, Countess Sophie Chotek. The Archduke married with the full permission of the Emperor; but his children take in Austria only the rank of their mother. On her marriage the Countess Sophie Chotek received the title of Princess Hohenberg. The Princess's little son Maximilian can never come to the throne of Austria; but he is a possible King of Hungary.—[*Photograph by E.N.A.*]

Queen Victoria, who was much interested in the brilliant young officer, promoted him to the royal yacht. He later commanded the *Osborne*, and by the special wish of the then Prince of Wales he continued to hold that position after he had been selected for promotion to Captain. In 1893 Sir Archibald, who is a keen sailor, resigned his command of the *Osborne*; but our present Sovereign did not lose sight of him, and he was made Commodore of the flotilla of royal yachts not long after the Accession.

before Prince Charles of Denmark became a reigning Sovereign. Mr. Arthur Walsh has had a long connection with the Court; he was the friend and Equerry of the late Duke of Clarence, and for some time he was Comptroller of the Household of the late Duchess of Teck—indeed, it was to him that her Royal Highness wrote the last letter ever penned by her hand. Mr. Walsh and Lady Clementine lived for some years at Warfield Park, Lord Ormathwaite's beautiful place in Berkshire, which is now let.



LADY CLEMENTINE WALSH,
Wife of the King's new Master of the Ceremonies.
Photograph by Langflier.

"HELL FOR LEATHER."

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING.)



QUO VADIS?

NURSE: Come indoors at once, Master Richard, and be a good boy. You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty.

MASTER RICHARD: I don't want to go to heaven, I want to go with father!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

C



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Rats of Eton.

At the London University on Monday a six-days' international conference on School Hygiene is to be opened. What would the schoolmasters who taught our fathers have thought of such a gathering? And what would the scholars themselves have thought? Had the conference come next year it would have marked the jubilee of the biggest attempt at a clean-up which Eton in the old days ever knew. Mr. Kegan Paul, who was at Eton at the time, sets forth the story in his *Reminiscences* of how the sixth-form boys maintained their privilege of taking supper in the Long Chamber, instead of crossing the schoolyard to the Hall; and how again and again a peculiarly offensive odour was observed in the room. Attributing the nuisance to damp boards, the Head Master took advantage of the summer holidays to have the floor up. Then the murder was out. For ages it had been the habit of the boys to throw the bones from their suppers to the rats, which came out upon the floor. Those bones had been carried down holes, and there were now taken away two cart-loads of them, mostly neck-of-mutton bones, which had gradually collected between the floor and the ceiling above.

Sport of Our Fathers.

Young Eton at that time did not invariably give to the rats and take nothing in return. A fag was sent round from time to time, Mr. Kegan Paul informs us, while the rats were feeding, to insert long stockings in the holes, with the apertures carefully open outward. Then an alarm would be raised. The rats, diving for sanctuary, would bolt into the stockings, and be hauled out in their woollen prisons, and in them banged to death. It may not have been the most scientific way of keeping down the number of the College rats, but it was sure, so far as it went. But what about the stockings? That is another story. "And you went into school

next morning in the same stockings?" the then Vice-Provost responsible for the description was asked. "Of course, of course; we could not get clean stockings when we pleased," was the answer of the much-surprised man.

Fortune's Victims. The calamities of "Ouida" bring to mind the sad story of another talented woman at whom Fortune struck cruel blows. The wife of an English architect, and herself an artist of reputation, she lived with her husband in Paris. During the siege it was decided that she should return home. As they clasped hands for the last farewell, a shell exploded near her. It killed her husband and tore away her lower jaw. A penniless widow, hideously disfigured, she managed to reach London, where she was enabled to draw an annuity. A person in whom she confided

swindled her; creditors seized her few remaining possessions, and she was turned into the streets to starve. And she *was* actually starving in the streets of London when another turn of Fortune brought to her side one who could and would assist her, when she felt impelled to tell him her story.

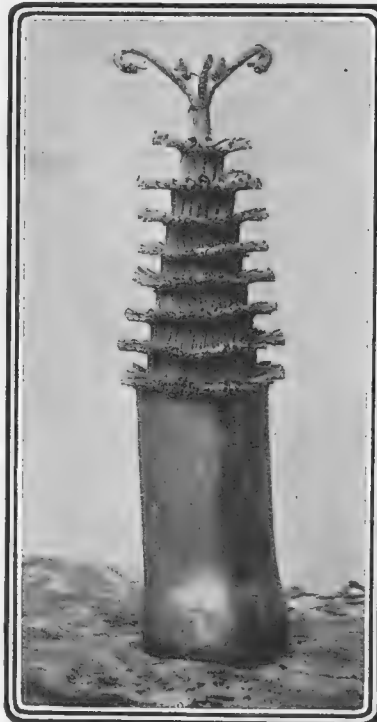
Saved by a Double.

The good angel at once recognised her name; he had seen her pictures in the Academy. She was able to mention the names of friends in Paris who were his friends also. Food and lodging were provided and the poor woman assisted to the country to the residence of the one friend of her youth who remained alive and willing to help her. Little by little the pitiful story came out—how Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie had been god-parents to her children, how those children were travelling in Spain with the Empress while their mother was famishing in a gutter in London. The poor creature would have died—she was dying of starvation—rather than ask assistance of a stranger. She had, however, appealed to a stranger, and for one reason alone. Her benefactor was, in her fancy, the "double" of Napoleon III., and she said to herself when she saw him, "God in his mercy has sent the likeness of the Emperor to me, and I know that he does not yet mean me to die." The man to whom she made her appeal was the late Augustus Hare.

The Song of a Suit.

The stories of titles conferred upon men who have contributed to the war-chests of the political parties for which they entertain a lively sense of gratitude for favours to come must be the more annoying from the fact that those stories are not altogether without foundation. Equally annoying must be the candid attempts of free lances to explain how the money from the political war-chests goes. But they had war-chests before the recent questions on the subject were popped. The funds were not

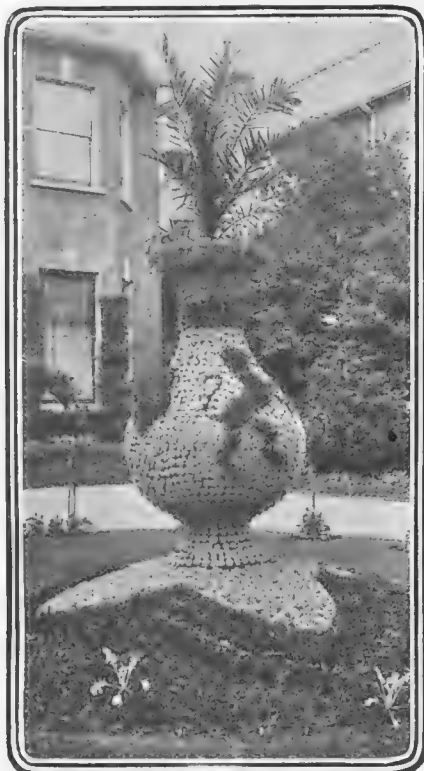
always distributed in specie; men have found kind not unacceptable. That, at any rate, is to be inferred from the experience of the gentleman who became famous as Mr. Speaker Brand. He was asked point-blank one day if he had ever known of money passing for the vote of a Member. And he was able conscientiously to declare that he had not. "The nearest approach to it I have ever known," he said, "was our having to find a suit of clothes for an M.P. who stated that without them he would not be able to attend the House for a critical division." On a memorable occasion a distinguished Irish Member would have had to impose a similar condition as to the more indispensable half of his garments, but stone walls (which, after all, do sometimes a prison make) prevented an opportunity for the appeal.



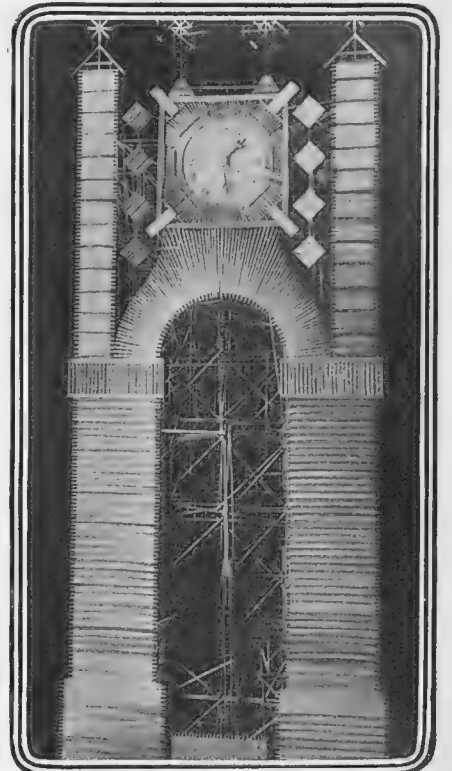
NOT A CACTUS, BUT A TELEPHONE CABLE.

The photograph is of a section of the new cable with which the National Telephone Company are to revolutionise their system. The section has been cut and the wires, of which there are 700, are turned over so as to show them separately. Each wire is insulated from the rest with paper. The first and thinnest are for calls from exchange to exchange, the next size are for destinations within two miles, the thickest for trunk calls. The whole cable is encased in lead.

Photograph by Sutton.



THOUSANDS OF PLANTS FORM A VASE. The vase, composed of hundreds of plants, is the work of the King of the Belgians' head gardener. It is in the garden of a house at Eltham Road, Lee, occupied by a relation of the gardener, who came over to construct the ornament.—[Photograph by Sturdee.]



A CLOCK OF STRAW.

The clock, which is made of no other material but straw, is the work of a Strasburg shoemaker. It occupied him ten years. It stands about six feet high, and is not a mere imitation, but keeps good time.

THE MOST DANGEROUS PLANT IN THE WORLD:
THE EDELWEISS AT HOME.



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PLANT THAT HAS COST MANY ALPINE CLIMBERS THEIR LIVES.

The famous Edelweiss of the Alps has very seldom been photographed in its natural surroundings. For the photograph of the growing plant we are indebted to "Rock and Alpine Gardening," by Mr. H. Hemsley (Cheal and Sons). Mr. Hemsley points out that the Edelweiss is one of the easiest of all Alpine plants to grow. It can be cultivated on any ordinary garden soil. It is always whitest when it grows on limestone, hence the very large and very white flower of the Edelweiss found on the Swiss Alps.

For the photograph of the peak we are indebted to Mr. Holmes.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. EDWARD COMPTON, whose season at the St. James's started on Monday evening, was once the hero—or is it the victim?—of one of those interruptions on the stage which serve to prove how potent is the spell the actor casts over the imagination and emotions of his audience. He was playing David Garrick at Huddersfield one night to a very interested and sympathetic audience. He had reached that portion of the third act where the heroine, having gone to Garrick's rooms to warn him and dissuade him from the duel, is discovered by her father and cast off by him. She has fainted, and hearing Garrick's footsteps coming up the stairs, the father gets behind a screen at the back, with the object of confronting him and unmasking him in his "true colours" if he can. Instead of that, he is, as every playgoer knows, compelled to listen to the actor's beautiful words of renunciation, and his advice to the heroine to return to her father's home. Mr. Compton was playing the scene for all he knew, the house was hushed, and everything was going splendidly when he became aware of a man moving about in the pit, and a voice whispered to him across the footlights, "Compton!" Determined not to have the scene spoiled, Mr. Compton took no notice. Again came the voice, a little more intense, a shade louder than before: "Compton!" Still Mr. Compton would not look round. He kept on with his exhortation, speaking as feelingly and impressively as he could, while the house responded with that hush which tells the actor that it is spell-bound. A minute or two passed, and Mr. Compton hoped that the interrupter, seeing the futility of his endeavours to attract his attention, had decided to make no further attempt. The next moment, however, the man drew nearer, and the voice came for the third time with a very loud and insistent "Compton!" That settled it. Mr. Compton had to look round. He caught the man's eye. "Compton lad, he's waatching thee—he's waatching thee!" the man cried in broad Yorkshire, to the intense amusement of the whole house, as he pointed to the heroine's father, who had stepped from behind the screen to listen in surprise to the speech David Garrick was making.

Mr. Hymack, who has been littering the stage of the Empire with various articles of clothing which come, apparently, from nowhere, is another of the actors who have been lured to the variety stage by the greater rewards it offers. He has played both in England and in America. In "The Lackey's Carnival," at the Duke of York's, his memory once played him a trick which, however amusing in the telling, was anything but funny at the time. He had a small part of a detective, who was disguised as a waiter,

and he had to attend a party in his official capacity. In the course of the scene Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who was playing the leading part, had to turn to him and say, "Are you one of my guests?" He should have replied, "No, Sir, I'm a waiter." Instead, he exclaimed, "No, Sir, I'm a detective," to the great amusement of everybody. In America, as well as on its revival in London, he played Sid Price, the Cockney burglar, in "Sherlock Holmes." In Chicago the critics found fault with his impersonation, because—

he had a Cockney accent! As all who have seen Mr. Hymack's turn are aware, a pump plays a secondary part in the scene. It was his original intention to make it the leading feature of his entertainment, and metaphorically to support it himself. His own personal success, however, decided him to change his idea, and now the pump supports him, though a few evenings ago the mechanism by which it is removed from the stage declined to work, and the pump showed a most human inclination to remain in the middle of the stage and to take the call which was intended for Mr. Hymack.

A very interesting example of what a vivid imagination can do with a photograph which has appeared in *The Sketch* is furnished by Miss Nina Sevensing. The picture represents her in evening dress, sitting on a chair, with a black cat on her lap. The photograph was reproduced in one of the New York papers, with a big headline, "English actress may lead her cats along Broadway"; while the letterpress stated that "Broadway needn't be surprised to find a tall, good-looking British girl walking down the street, followed by one or more stately, aristocratic cats. It will be Miss Nina Sevensing out for the constitutional walk which forms such an indispensable number of every English girl's out-of-the-theatre programme." The imaginative writer went on to state that "Miss Sevensing is now interesting herself in her collection of pet cats, which is a fad! lavishly humoured by the young woman. At present," continues this remarkable

chronicler, "she owns four, but her favourite is a large, tawny Cingalese beast who bears a striking resemblance to his ancestors of the jungle. He was a present to Miss Sevensing from friends, who, curiously enough, are living in Ceylon, and so attached has she become to him that she has had him included in her latest photograph, a copy of which I have forwarded." The humorous part of the story is that Miss Sevensing does not have a collection of pet cats; in fact, she has no cats at all, and the "large, tawny Cingalese beast" which was "a present to her from friends who are living in Ceylon" belonged to the studio where she was photographed.



THE HEROINE OF THE NEW MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB: MISS IRIS HOEY.

Mr. Shirley Falcke, a very young man who lives with his parents in Cromwell Road, fell very deeply in love with Miss Iris Hoey, who played in "The Little Michus" at Daly's. Miss Hoey did not encourage Mr. Falcke, as she was engaged. He became very depressed, and telling Miss Hoey that he was going to Canada, he asked her to spend his last evening in London with him. He took her to the theatre, and afterwards said that he was going to commit suicide. He drove Miss Hoey home, and when he said good-bye he repeated his threat. Miss Hoey became alarmed, jumped back into the cab, and insisted on seeing Mr. Falcke to Cromwell Road. On the way he pulled out a revolver and shot himself in the chest.

Although very seriously wounded, Mr. Falcke was considered likely to recover.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

IN THE TROUGH OF THE WAVES.



ANOTHER DISASTER AT SEA.

THE HEROIC BODGERS (in horse-trough, to would-be rescuer): Neve' mind me—I can s-shwim. Save th' women and children.

[Continues to strike out manfully for the shore.

DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

CHILDREN are not always among the greatest readers of their literary sires; but Mr. Henry Dickens, if he did not take part as his father's son in such festivals as the Pickwick revival in Piccadilly, would gladly do so as a mere member of the public. It is not every humourist who has the laugh in his own home, but such was the luck that fell to the lot of Charles Dickens. Even his brother Frederick, with whom he had so little otherwise in common, could not turn over "The Pickwick Papers" without convulsions. Like Charles himself, he was an excellent reader aloud, but with that common fault of an unsubdued merriment which meant for the listener a series of explosive interruptions. But what listener could grudge to the author the enjoyment of his own jokes? How fair it is that the first and loudest laugh to reward wit should be its creator's own.

All the same, about "Pickwick" Dickens was rather sore. Unlike his brother Frederick, he did not find it all fun. Publication brought perplexities. The suggestion that Seymour, the draughtsman of the posthumous illustrations, was responsible in great part for the birth of Pickwick was naturally resented by his legitimate parent. But Seymour's original Pickwick, who had not even the immortality of that name at his first christening, was to be, as a sportsman, the butt of the humourist, because of his malpractices in the field. Seymour's Pickwick would, of course, have shot the fox. But Dickens, being no sportsman and not being inclined to shoot ridicule at other inept Nimrods, asked for a freer range of English scenes and people. And so we have his chubby Pickwick.

But, alas! even Mr. Pickwick's chubbiness was a care to Dickens, for it was not of Dickens's devising; and when Mr. Chapman, of Chapman and Hall, claimed to have metamorphosed the hero of the "Papers" from a long thin man to a round one, Dickens felt that he must write the justification of his claims upon Sam Weller's patron. Nevertheless, the publishers had £20,000 for their part—decidedly the fat part—of Pickwick; while Dickens's remuneration was thinly estimated at no more than £3500.

San Francisco is making amends to its conscience, and after the reign of a Mayor without morals it has elected Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor, a man so steeped in the morality of *belles lettres* that he can be expected to know nothing of corruption nor of other too frequent uglinesses of politics. But the election comes as a surprise to Mr. Taylor's many literary English friends, so absorbed did he always appear in his well-collected first editions and his own pretty gift of versifying. Why was not Robert Louis Stevenson alive and in San Francisco during this unexpected reign? The author of "The New Arabian Nights" would surely have found

himself filling all the available posts of fantastic honour at the disposition of his great admirer, Mayor Taylor.

In "Pragmatism," by Mr. William James, we read: "I firmly disbelieve, myself, that the human experience is the highest form of experience extant in the universe. I believe rather that we stand in much the same relation to the whole of the universe as our canine and feline pets do to the whole of human life." But William James's brother, Henry James, has made so much of our little human experiences that the flicker of an eyelid or the blowing of a nose has seemed, in his novels, veritably the weightiest concern

of the universe. Not having finished ransacking the subtle, well-behaved tragedies that can circle round a dinner-table and make no perceptible difference to the smack of conversation or of the croquettes, Mr. Henry James may well take umbrage at Brother William's making little of even the larger human experience. And to think that there is, in all probability, a Martian Henry James probing, sifting, riddling, and unriddling the graver meanings of Martian eyelids and Martian noses!

"'Arry is dead. I killed him." But Mr. Harry Quilter outlived this Whistlerian slaughter, and outlived, too, for many years the writer of this insensitive epitaph. And his death, indeed, after a long and painful illness, reminds us of his multifarious literary activities. He deserves to be remembered as something more than the butt of an artist he did not sufficiently praise. In their own day and way, his art articles in the *Spectator* offered something in advance of the current criticism that buttered Academicians as a matter of course,

and his appointment by the *Times* was an experiment which cannot be looked back upon as wholly a failure. The mere making of the experiment was a gain. It was the beginning of the more free hand in art criticism. Mr. Quilter knew "what's what," but was never able to communicate his knowledge in a really acceptable manner. He narrowly missed being a success; and all generous minds will regret efforts and ambitions that no achievement justified.

The motor-car is beginning to dash and crash through the pages of novels. Most of our novelists use the car. Mr. George Meredith delights in it; Mr. Barrie is as keen a motorist as Mr. Anthony Hope; and Mr. Max Pemberton has stood for his portrait with his car at his side. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, himself a motorist, has introduced the motor into his tales with a timeliness that tells; and now Mr. Richard Harding Davis has allowed his love of this form of locomotion to add a certain rapidity to the pages of his new novel, "The Scarlet Car."

M. E.



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A TRAILER: "HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."

DRAWN BY E. S. BERGMAN.

BRAG IN THE BINNACLE.



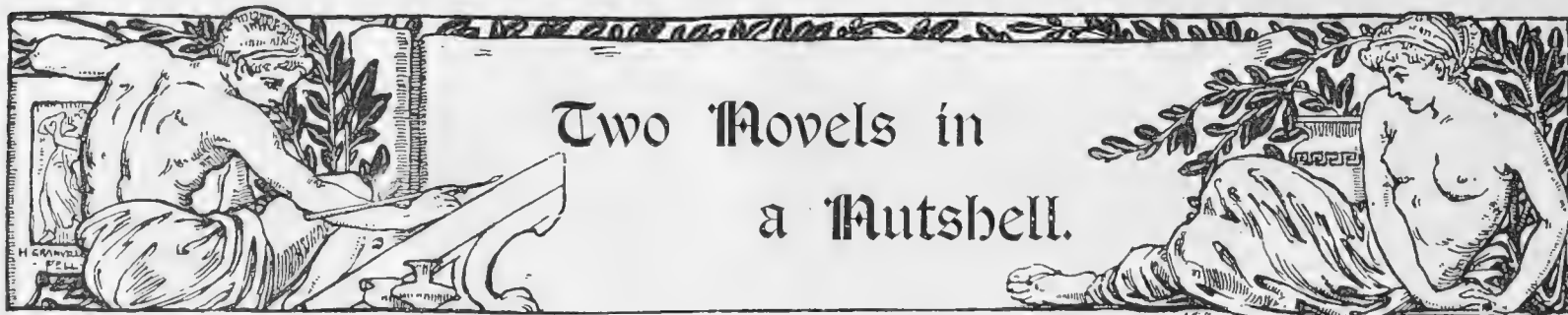
DISCIPLINE: OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT.

FIRST SAILOR (*proudly*): Been 'avin' a long yarn with the Admiral, I 'ave.

SECOND SAILOR (*jealously*): Humph! What was yer long yarn?

FIRST SAILOR: Well, the old man, 'e sez ter me, 'e sez, "Starboard yer 'elm, yer knock-kneed lubber." An' I ups an' I sez, "Ay, ay, Sir!"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A MATTER OF CHOICE.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

"WHAT'S the matter with you?" Philippa asked suspiciously.

Her cousin had greeted her with a sort of ecstatic remoteness that called for explanation.

At her question he made an ostentatious effort to return to earth. "Phil," he said dreamily, "I'm going to get married."

If he had hoped to surprise her the hope was futile. A touch of alertness, betraying itself in his eyes, put her on her guard.

"My dear Rupert!" she cried contentedly. "Really! How exciting! Do tell me who she is!"

He sighed rather disappointedly. "I don't know," he said. "I'm just considering."

Philippa's eyebrows rose slightly as she glanced at the sheets of paper surrounding him. "In typewriting?" she inquired. "Oh, no; I see. You're drawing up the proposal?"

He shuddered indignantly. "Certainly not! How could I when I don't know yet who it's to be?"

"One can leave a space," murmured Philippa, "and fill in the name afterwards, you know."

He looked at her with dignified reproach. "These are not proposals," he informed her. "They are their characters."

Philippa stared. "Theirs? Whose?"

"The girls to whom it would be possible for me to propose."

"Oh!" breathed Philippa, and hung over the table with interest. "What do you mean?"

"Graphology," he said. "You see, I feel a bit nervous about choosing—"

"Choosing?" rippled Philippa.

"Oh, well," he sulked, "of course I *know* she may refuse me, but I've got to decide which to ask, anyway, haven't I?"

"Oh, of course," agreed Philippa. "And you could make certain, couldn't you, by keeping a second in reserve? You know—the sort of thing drapers put on their patterns. 'In making a choice we respectfully beg customers to select two or three designs, to avoid disapp—'"

"Oh, if you find it so funny," he said disgustedly, and swept the papers into a heap.

"I was trying to help," said she with indignation.

He was with difficulty induced to proceed. "Well, I sent my handwriting to a graphologist, and—some girls' letters—"

"How mean!" flashed Philippa.

"Portions of letters," he corrected with dignity. "And yesterday I got these from the man." He indicated the typewritten sheets.

Philippa sparkled. "You'll let me see them?" she entreated, and ran her fingers through the pages. "How many? Five? Oh, but that one's yours. Well, four girls ought to be plenty. Let's see. Geraldine first. *Somewhat fickle in your attachments—*"

"Suppose she were fickle to me!" he groaned.

"M'm!" agreed Philippa inattentively. "*Fond of dress and excitement—*"

"The stage would suit her better than I should."

"*You are happier in the society of men than—*"

"You will admit," he interrupted coldly, "that Geraldine is out of the question."

Philippa laid her on the table, not without hesitation. "The others may be worse," she mused. "Who's this? Oh, Bertha Unwin. *Of a somewhat cold and calculating nature.* Yes; she always lets me pay for everything when we go out together. *The will is decided, with a tendency to obstinacy—*"

He shuddered.

"*A fair sense of honour—*"

"Anathematised with faint praise," he commented.

"*Not much love for children or animals—*" Philippa looked up in some dismay. "But this is dreadful! She—she appears to be perfectly odious. Let's see what he says about Olivia. *Very ambitious; none but the highest position would satisfy—*"

"Necessitating the strenuous life for me," he groaned.

"*Might with advantage show more ready sympathy with other people's weaknesses—*" Philippa unhesitatingly abandoned Olivia—a depressing comment on the numerical strength of her cousin's weaknesses.

"But there's only Miss Betterton left now," she said anxiously. "*Gift for—* what's this word? *Nursing?* Oh, I'm sure that's not true."

"And if it were," Rupert demurred, "I don't want always to be ill, you know. I'm afraid she'd have no scope for her talents."

Philippa nodded. "No, you're dreadfully strong. *Would enjoy photography as a hobby—*"

"Think of that! And photography and picture-postcards always go together. And my entire income would be spent on albums for them. *I know.*"

"*Should cultivate,*" Philippa continued, "*tact and a sense of humour—*" She paused. "Cultivate?" she repeated blankly. "What an idea!"

"*Cultivate,*" he explained, "is the polite—er—graphologism for *deficient in.*"

"Thank you so much," murmured Philippa ironically. "But I only meant that—that I think she won't do."

"No, I think she won't do."

"But she's the last."

"And I've got to choose one."

They reflected. "Well," said Philippa at last, desperately, "you've paid your penny, and you'd better —"

"It wasn't a penny," he interrupted gloomily. "He's a very exceptional graphologist, and he charges five shillings each."

"Oh!" said Philippa. "But is five shillings so excessive for a really reliable wife?"

"But when one goes in for so many!" Rupert protested.

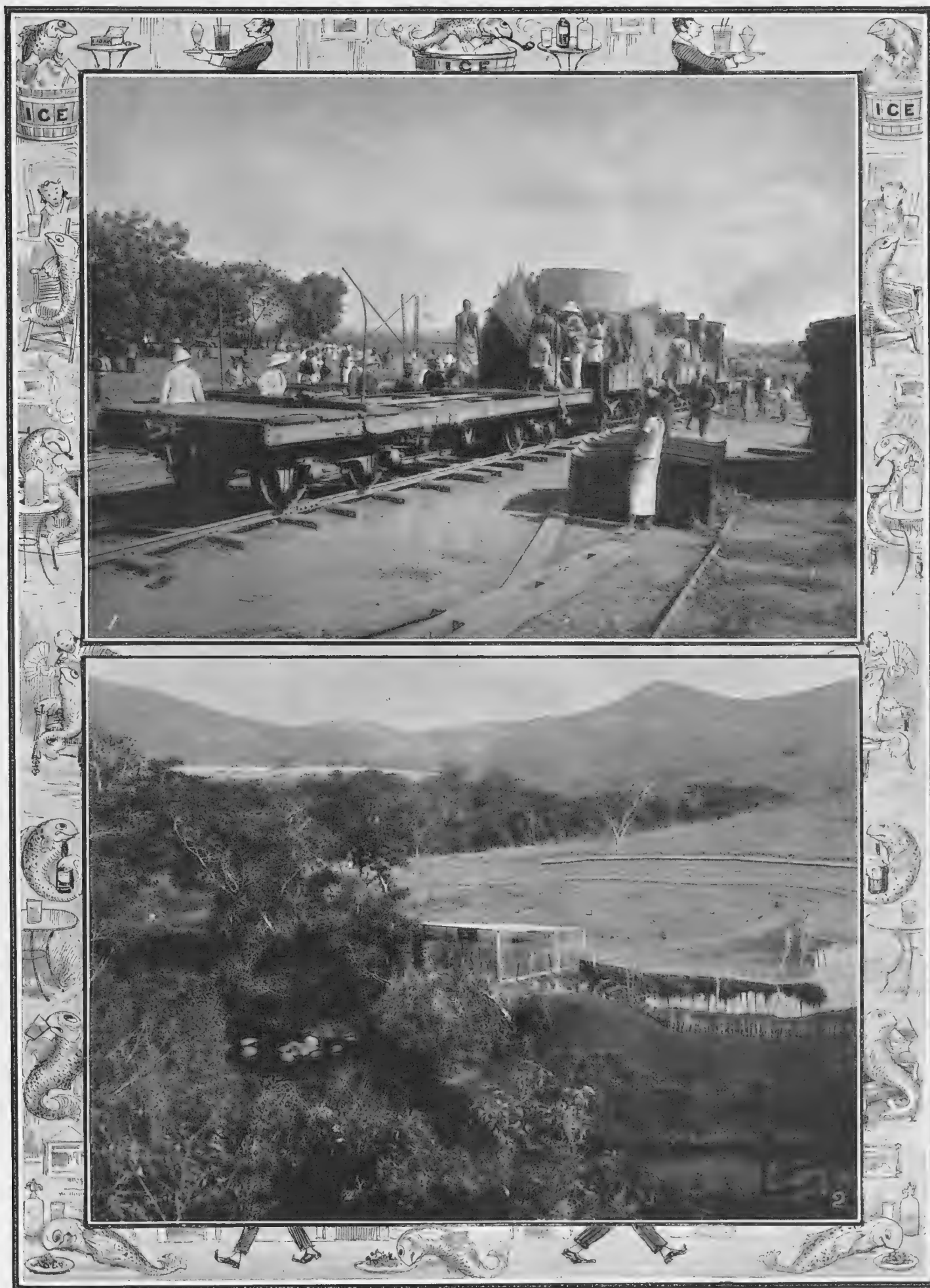
She gasped.

"I mean, prospective—that is, optional," he corrected hurriedly.

"But these four optional wives," objected Philippa, "are all so hateful—at least, when they're graphologised. I really think another five shillings would be a justifiable outlay." She spoke a little absently; she was glancing through the typewritten character of Rupert himself, and he watched her with a hint of complacency. A subdued light in her eyes as she looked up troubled him.

[Continued overleaf.]

A SPECIAL TRAIN AND ICED DRINKS FOR TROUT.



1. KEEPING THEM COOL: TROUT-BOXES SURROUNDED WITH ICE FOR A JOURNEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

2. THE TROUTS' PARK IN THE DARK CONTINENT: THE FIRST HATCHERY IN THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE.

Trout are being introduced into Central Africa. The ova, which came from Northumberland, were taken four hundred miles inland by steamer, rail, and carrier to Zamba, the headquarters of the Protectorate. The ova-boxes were surrounded by ice-chests during the journey. The hatchery is at Zamba, 5800 feet above sea-level.

Fish hatched there in June 1906 were eight inches long by March 1907.

"I'm afraid there are a good many mistakes in it," he said modestly.

Philippa reflected. "Did you have to pay extra for yours?" she demanded.

"What for?" he asked uneasily.

"The whitewash," said Philippa, with dancing eyes.

He looked at her with gentle reproach. "I thought yours perfect," he said.

"Mine?"

"Yes." He searched in his pocket-book. "I wanted to know yours, but, of course, I didn't put it with the others, as you are not—available."

"Please let me see it," she said hastily. "Though—though you had no right to do such a thing."

She read it with distinct eagerness. Suddenly she laughed, and then found him awaiting an explanation. She looked confused. "It's—it's dreadfully whitewashed, too, I'm afraid. I suppose, for a consideration, the—the graphologist leaves out your bad points?"

"Yours are all there."

"But there isn't one!"

"Precisely."

She was silent, and he came a step nearer. "Phil dear, you're quite sure that particular design is—is out of stock?"

She studied the carpet attentively. "Some designs," she murmured, "can be got by renewing the order for them."

He was incredulous. "This one was out of stock three weeks ago," he reminded her.

She hesitated. "You chose such a bad time, Ru," she confessed.

"I—I had a cold, and you ought to have known that wasn't the right time."

"Is this?" he demanded eagerly.

"How dared you," she retorted "torment me with your four optional wives?"

He gathered up the typewritten sheets and tore them in fragments. "All's fair," he began. But she put her fingers on her lips.

"Ru dear, what a lot of trouble you took. Do you really think all those nice things of me?"

He gasped. "I? But I told you I sent to the graph——"

"Not for yours, Ru. Nor for mine!"

He was crestfallen. "I did send mine," he demurred, "but when it came I—touched it up."

She laughed. "And even now," she assured him softly, "it's not half good enough. And mine?"

"I just wrote down what I thought of you," he confessed. "But how on earth did you guess? Typewriting tells no tales."

Her lips quivered. "You said I was sincere in my attachments, Ru."

"So you are."

"And that you were attached to a country life."

"So I am."

She laughed suddenly. "What a pity you spell so badly, Ru!"

He was puzzled. "All great men spell badly," he assured her. "What's that got to do with it?"

She leaned towards him. "I recognised your touch, Ru. You always did spell 'attach' with three t's."

AN INDISCRETION.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

GLADYS said that we should get in a row before I rang, and although the truth was fairly obvious, I allowed her "womanly intuition" full credit for it. As a result, she nestled close to me while I rang the bell.

"Mind you stick to me," she whispered.

I pressed her hand. I'd almost forgotten I was holding it.

Then her mother opened the door and saw us. This was to have been expected, but not at that precise moment.

"Come in," she said. But not cordially.

Gladys, I had better explain, had just come back from a long visit, and I'd met her at the station.

"The maid's been back nearly an hour," said my aunt. She looked at me as she spoke.

"Maid?" said I. "What maid?" Well, honestly, I didn't know the girl's name.

My aunt—well, really she did—snorted.

"She saw you at the station, but you disappeared before she could get up to you."

"Unfortunate!" I murmured. So it was—that she had seen us.

We went into the drawing-room. There was a fire burning, but the atmosphere struck me as chilly. It might, of course, have been fancy.

"Well?" said my aunt.

"Gladys has had a long journey," said I. It was the truth, which is a thing advisable to use while you have the chance.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired my aunt.

The question was addressed to both of us, and as I had nothing to say I left it to Gladys.

"We didn't notice the time," she said, after a pause.

Unfortunate admission. Before my aunt had quite grasped it I broke in—

"Never struck me you'd send a maid to meet Gladys; so, of course, I thought, as her cousin——"

"Thank you," said my aunt; "very considerate of you."

Of course, I admit most women are the same. Never say quite what they mean: although you can generally grasp it.

"It's a long walk up," I suggested.

"Yes," said my aunt, "the maid passed you on her way back."

And we hadn't noticed her! Complications.

"Do you object to my cousinly care of Gladys?" I asked coldly.

Injured innocence pays well—when it does. Unhappily, it is unreliable.

"Not while it is cousinly," said my aunt. It was hardly sarcasm—just laden with meaning.

"Oh!" I said. Because, of course, I didn't know what that maid had seen. I don't know now; but it was worth the half-crown to hear her giggle.

I felt the escapade was in danger of developing into a crime. I had no ambition to become a criminal. So I picked up my hat.

"I'll look in to-morrow," I said.

"Do," said my aunt. Her tone was quite friendly. Really, I believe she likes me—as a nephew.

"Gladys will be gone before you come, though," she added.

I stared.

She had just been away a month.

"I'm going to send her to her aunt's in Scotland," explained her mother.

"Oh!" I gasped. I knew the reason.

"Oh!" wailed Gladys. She knew her aunt. Scotch.

It was rough on her, of course. A very big pill for a trivial indulgence.

Still, I had my pill too.

I hope Gladys understood that.

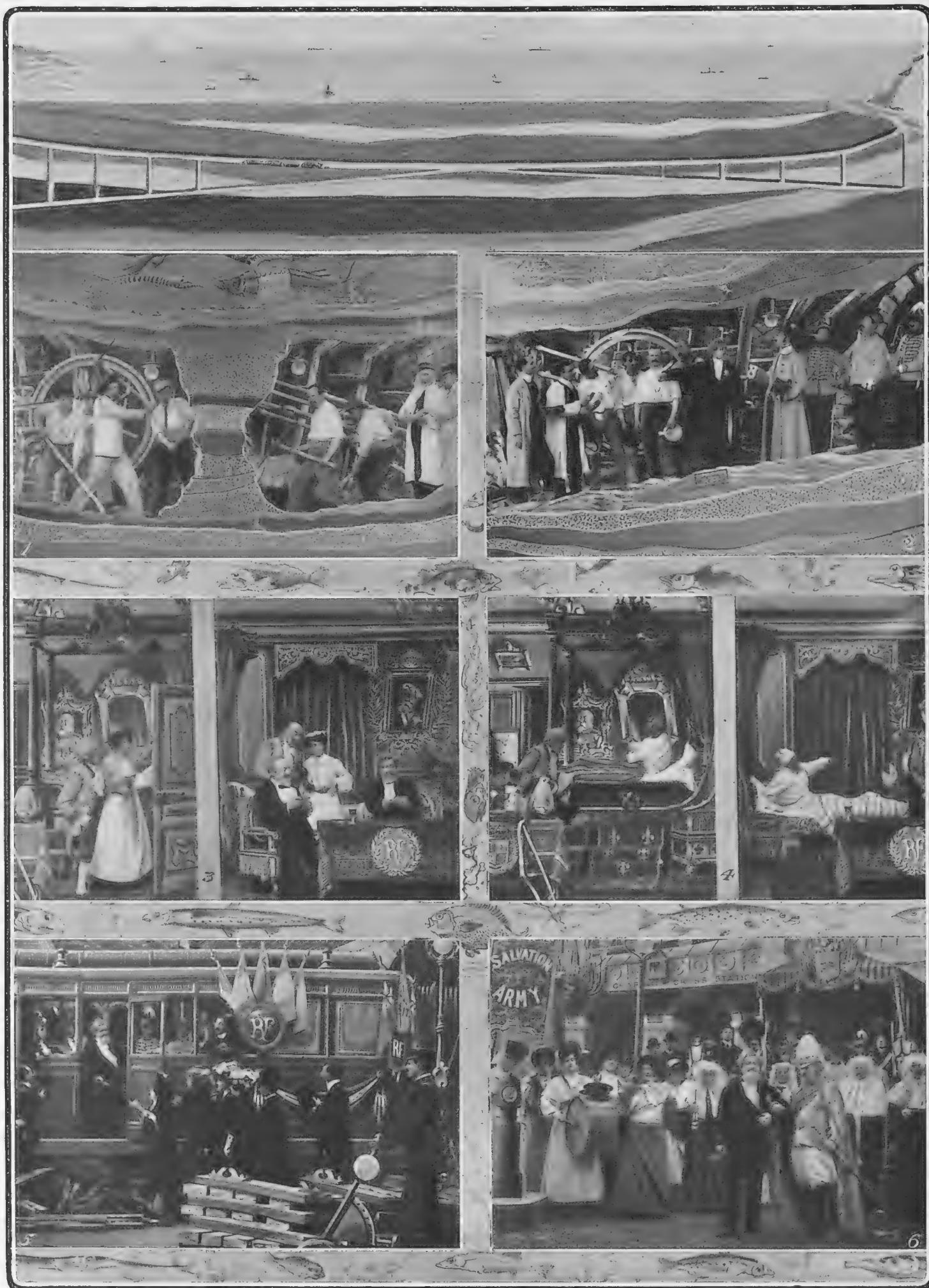
THE END.

COPPED BY THE COPPER IN THE SLOT.



KING EDWARD AND M. FALLIÈRES OPEN THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE SHORT CUT TO FRANCE REALISED ON THE CINEMATOGRAPH.



1. THE WORK COMPLETED: THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH WORKMEN MEET INSIDE THE TUNNEL.

3. ON BOARD THE TUNNEL CAR: THE KING AND PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES ENJOY A GAME OF PICQUET EN TRAVERSANT.

5. PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES RECEIVES THE SUFFRAGETTES AT CHARING CROSS.

2. PRESIDENT FALLIERES DECORATES THE FOREMAN OF THE ENGLISH WORKMEN.

4. HIS MAJESTY AND PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES CALLED IN THE MORNING ON BOARD THE SLEEPING-CAR.

6. THE KING AND THE PRESIDENT WELCOMED AT CHARING CROSS BY THE SALVATION ARMY AND OTHER HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE REALM.

At the Théâtre de Marigny there is a most amusing cinematograph representation of the Channel Tunnel in full working order. The tunnel is completed before the spectators' eye, and the last barrier of chalk is knocked away. The French and English workmen fall into each other's arms, and President Fallières decorates the English foreman with an alarming medal. King Edward runs over at any time to see President Fallières, and brings him back in triumph to Charing Cross, where he is received by the Suffragettes, the Salvation Army, and all the other estates of the realm.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

LORD COLEBROOKE, who, it is rumoured, may succeed Lord Althorp as Lord Chamberlain of the Household, is, like his beautiful wife, high in favour at Court. His Peerage is only a year old, but his Baronetcy is of the eighteenth century. Rich, with that solid sort of wealth which comes from Lanarkshire mines, Lord Colebrooke was very delicate as a younger man, and always had to winter abroad, but he is stronger now, and last year held great state at Holyrood as High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland. On that occasion his wife had Lady Gibson-Carmichael as lady-in-waiting and Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker as maid-of-honour.

A Brilliant Society Queen. Lady Colebrooke, who lately acted as one of the two hostesses at the Married Women's Ball, has the rare distinction of being a godchild of both the King and the Queen, and their Majesties were present at her marriage

yet another fair American to our future Peeresses. Lord Ebury, who is closely related to the Duke of Westminster, is a typical British nobleman of the old school, and one of his daughters is the wife of Lord Wimborne's eldest son. Miss Padelford is very well known in London Society, for her mother, Mrs. Cunard, is a prominent Anglo-American hostess.

Parisian Morbidity.

The Parisian is gay when he is not morbid. But morbid he is, when there is anything to be morbid about. The enterprising restaurateur who employed an ex-murderess as his cashier did a roaring business. People came to gaze at the celebrity and ask her impressions—and remained to stand her drinks. The same sort of temperament has sent pretty women into the Paris Assize Court, during the last few days, to inspect, critically, the features of Soleilland, convicted of the murder of a



THE SCENE OF OUIDA'S LUXURY: THE NOVELIST'S FORMER HOME AT LUCCA.

Mlle. de la Ramée's poverty is partly owing to her devotion to her dogs.



OUIDA'S DOGS, PART CAUSE OF HER POVERTY: RUFFINO.

to the then Sir Edward Colebrooke. She is a Paget, and has the characteristic stately beauty of that wonderful family. Her hair is dark, and her eyes of a deep Irish blue, while in spite, or perhaps because, of her many out-door interests, her complexion is one that a girl in her teens might envy. She is a sister of General Sir Arthur Paget, who married Miss Paran Stevens, the beautiful American, and they are also intimate friends of their Majesties. Altogether, Lady Colebrooke has six brothers, all men of distinction, and some years ago she had the

child. The halls of justice wore the appearance of a theatre on a first night.

"Vive Boulogne!" It was the Fourteenth Louis who declared that the Pyrenees existed no more. When you hear "For he's a jolly good fellow" sung in English by Frenchmen, such as happened at Boulogne the other day, you are tempted to say: "The Channel has been done away with." It was the occasion for much rejoicing—the inauguration of a new boat, which will enable the Englishman to leave a



OUIDA'S DOGS, PART CAUSE OF HER POVERTY: GOLDINO.

joy of collecting them all to dine with her at her lovely house in Stratford Place. These stalwart soldiers and sailors made a merry party, and their sister gave each of them a little diamond horseshoe locket as a memento. Lady Colebrooke is famous as a "whip"—she is particularly fond of shaggy little Icelandic ponies—and as a sportswoman. She "sculps" well, wood-carves, skates beautifully, goes to all the best race-meetings, and has ambitions as a political hostess. Her boy is nearly fourteen, and his two sisters will soon be coming out.

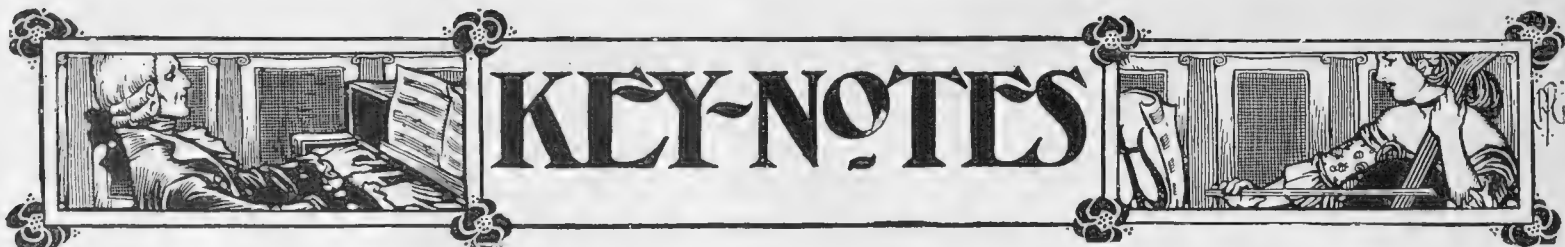
Yet Another American Peeress? The engagement of Mr. Grosvenor, Lord Ebury's eldest son, to Miss Padelford, adds



THE SCENE OF OUIDA'S POVERTY: THE NOVELIST'S PRESENT HOME.

Ouida now lives in a milkman's house at Massarosa. The window on the first floor on the left is that of the novelist's room.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

little more of his money on the Casino tables before crossing to England, home, and beauty. That is the beauty of Boulogne: it is in close touch with our southern shores, and yet it remains characteristically French. You have everything to please the Englishman: golf—every self-respecting Briton plays golf, or imagines he does—"little horses" to gallop away with francs in a mild flutter, bathing, boating, fishing, and delightful excursions and the rest of it. Yet the charming old Calais customs, despite the invasion of our countrymen, are still maintained, and the fisherwomen wear the picturesque bonnet, with its aureole of white—half saint, half water-nymph.



BRITISH musicians have no occasion to complain of the treatment meted out to them at Queen's Hall in connection with the Promenade Concert Season, which is to open on Aug. 17 and will close on Oct. 26. Out of the thirty new works that are down for performance more than half are written by British composers. Mr. Hamilton Harty, whose compositions demand and repay serious attention, will be represented by "A Comedy Overture"; Mr. Cyril Scott will present a new overture, entitled "Princess Malienne"; Dr. Walford Davies has a work with the appropriate title of "Holiday Tunes"; and other composers who are helping to bring British music to the front are Messrs. Roger Quilter, Arthur Hinton, Felix White, Granville Bantock, Frederic Austin, Ethel Barns, and F. H. Bridge. Most of the British composers are quite young, and much of their work, as far as we know it, reveals a close study of the most modern musical thought; but there is no reproach in this statement. In music, as in literature and art, the road to individuality lies through paths that other creators have made smooth, and it would be hard to name the composer, author, or painter who has not revealed in his early work the existence of a considerable debt to some distinguished contemporary or predecessor.

Mr. Wood's programme for the Promenade Concerts this season includes work by many modern composers hailing from the Continent, and it must not be forgotten that the Promenade Concerts serve to introduce musicians to the British public, and that those whose work finds a large degree of favour may hope to be promoted to the more serene atmosphere of the Saturday Afternoon Symphony Concerts. Nowadays the Queen's Hall takes the place of the Crystal Palace, for in the days when the late Sir August Manns was consul, the young composer's best chance of obtaining a hearing in this country lay in the assistance of Sir August Manns and Sir George Grove at Sydenham. Then the Promenade Concerts that obtained in London were distinctly popular—indeed, a stronger and

Vincent d'Indy, Nicodé, Adam, and Goldmark. The list of soloists engaged is a very lengthy one, and includes a very large number of English men and women among the nineteen sopranos, twelve contraltos, ten tenors, thirteen basses, eleven violinists, five cellists, and twenty-one pianists.

The opera season now at an end has yielded many a pleasant night, and if there is not much to be said for the novelty of the programme or the discovery of fresh talent, it must be

conceded that all the work undertaken has been well done. It is not easy to provide novelties at Covent Garden, because the public that grumble because no novelties are given make a rule of staying away when the management does go to the expense and trouble of producing a new opera. Nothing could be more discouraging than the results of a spirited policy. In the last few years, only one new opera has found favour with Covent Garden's public, and that,



FROM VIOLINIST TO THEOSOPHIC PREACHER:
MISS MAUDE MACCARTHY.

Miss MacCarthy is giving up music in order to become a preacher of theosophy. Years ago a clairvoyant prophesied that Miss MacCarthy would do this.

Photograph by Bassano.

of course, is "Madame Butterfly." Several works of greater originality and equal charm have met with so small a measure of support that it has been necessary to withdraw them forthwith. If those who clamour for novelties would undertake to support them when given there would be some encouragement for the Grand Opera Syndicate. It is not unlikely that several novelties will be given in the autumn, including Giordano's "Siberia," one of Baron Franchetti's works, and perhaps "Iris." The Covent Garden authorities announce their willingness to engage British instrumentalists for the autumn season. If Signor Mugnone were conducting at Covent Garden, as he has done for the past two autumn seasons, British instrumentalists aforesaid would have some anxious quarters of an hour, for Mugnone is the most strenuous and exacting conductor in the operatic world, a man who never spares himself, and expects others to work as hard as he does. Happily for nervous players, the honours and responsibilities of the conductor's seat fall to two milder-mannered men—Signor Panizza and Signor Serafin.

The great singers who come to Covent Garden in the spring have not been heard to the greatest possible advantage. Melba has been distinctly out of form, presumably on account of her regrettable ill-health. Caruso opened the season badly, and seemed for the first few weeks to have parted with some of his finest qualities. With the end of June he recovered. On the other hand, Madame Selma Kurz has sung better than she ever did before in London. Her trills would have turned a flute pale with envy; her intonation has been quite true, save when she has been singing in "Rigoletto." Her Gilda has been an unfortunate performance on two occasions. Destinn remains the first dramatic soprano of the year. Agnes Nicholls has made a marked advance in her work, and has carried successfully the burden of several important rôles. Kirkby Lunn has done splendidly, though she would be well advised to avoid parts that are too high for the best quality of her voice. Donaldson has taken Madame Melba's place quite successfully on more than one occasion. Sammarco has been a tower of strength to the company. Glibert and Journet have distinguished themselves. Signor Campanini's control of the orchestra has never been more judicious or better informed, and he has received valuable assistance from Signor Panizza, who has only to keep his forces well in hand to satisfy all expectations. Mr. Pitt has filled a difficult and responsible post skilfully and with discretion.

COMMON CHORD.



ENGAGED AT £25,000 A YEAR: MISS ALICE LLOYD, WHO HAS SIGNED THE LARGEST AMERICAN CONTRACT ON RECORD.

Miss Lloyd has signed the biggest contract ever entered into by any artiste for an American engagement. It is a three years' engagement at £25,000 a year.

Photograph by Hana.

more offensive term would hardly be amiss. Mr. Wood is now largely responsible for the development of the taste for new works in the Metropolis, and as far as we can judge, he handles his responsibilities conscientiously and with sound judgment. Among the lesser known foreign composers who are to be heard at Queen's Hall we find the names of Max Reger, Jean Sibelius, Glazounoff,

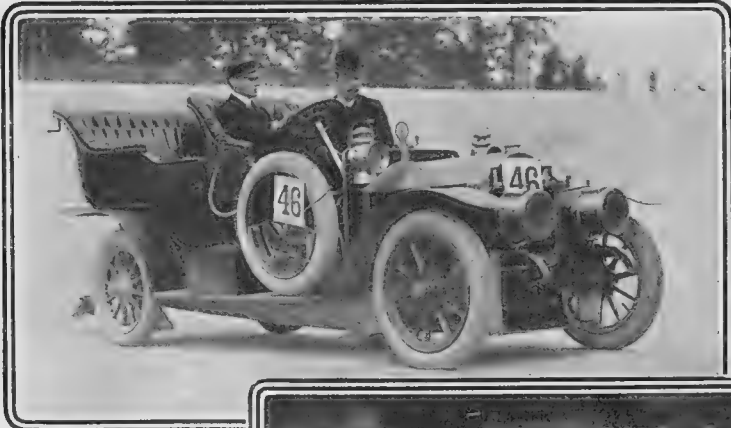


AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT FOR A BISHOP—THE USE OF OXYGEN AT BROOKLANDS—"THE SILVER GHOST"—DUST TRIALS.

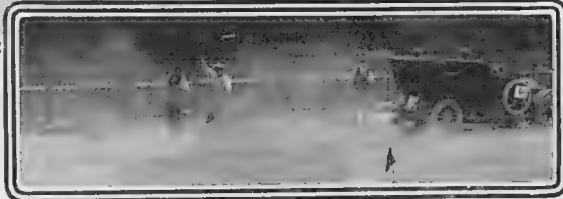
SURELY no more fitting present could be made by the laity in a diocese to the Bishop thereof than a thoroughly reliable, up-to-date motor-car, whereby the prelate is enabled to penetrate to the uttermost ends of his bishopric and pay surprise visits to his clergy in a manner at once salutary and surprising. Recognising this, the laity of the diocese of St. David's lately most thoughtfully presented their Bishop with a 28-30-h.p. Daimler, which his

explosive mixture fed to the engines of racing cars at the precise moment when extra speed is required. What the spur is to the horse oxygen appears to be to the internal combustion-engine. But several makers who up to the present have entered cars for racing events at Brooklands have notified the secretary that they will certainly cease to compete if the use of this virile gas is longer permitted. There are signs that the anti-oxygen party are increasing in numbers, and this being so, the hands of the Brooklands people will be forced at least to the extent of arranging races, oxygen or any other gaseous spur, such as picric acid, barrel. If this be done, and races are still left in which any wicked mixture may be fed to the cylinders, the anti-oxygenists will be satisfied. To prohibit the use of anything except plain petrol and air would be to bar progress, for in the search for an accelerator valuable information may be obtained. But in common fairness to the competitors and in justice to the public, cars using oxygen should not be allowed to compete against others using petrol only.

In the early grey morn of Friday, 19th of this month, the 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce car, now so familiarly and deservedly known as "The Silver Ghost," beat the long-distance reliability record, held up to that moment by the 40-h.p. four-cylinder Siddeley, which ran 10,000 miles in all under the supervision of the Royal Automobile Club. The Ghost beat this record on one of her night runs between Manchester and London, with Mr. Claude Johnson at the helm. The route followed between the two cities ran by Northwich, Tarporley, Whitchurch, Newport (Salop), Brownhills, Castle Bromwich, Coventry, whence the Holyhead road through Daventry, Weedon, and Dunstable was taken. The non-stop Siddeley record stood at 7089 miles, a fine performance; but in the record-breaking total of the Silver Ghost were included the severe



WAYMAN AND MATTHEWS'
22-28-H.P. VIVINUS, WITH
FLAT STEEL BOTTOM
UNDERBODY AND SHOES TO
EACH WHEEL.



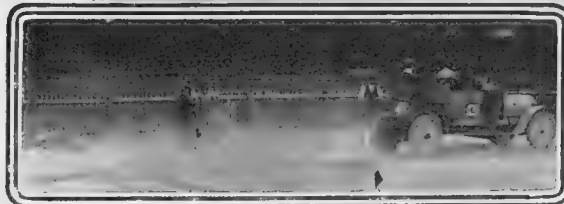
THE DUST FOLLOWING THE WAYMAN AND MATTHEWS CAR.

Messrs Wayman and Matthews had fitted the Vivinus car with a flat steel under-body, with sides overlapping the sides of the car and shoes instead of wing mud-guards. The under-screen was only six inches off the ground, but it projected beyond the radiator in front, so as to catch the deflected wind from the face of the car, and pass it between the screen and the car instead of between the screen and the road.

Lordship has found of great service in discharging the duties of his post, which take him very far afield. To give some idea of the service such a car can be to such a dignitary, it need only be said that one Saturday, after attending a garden-party at Windsor, his Lordship, accompanied by Archdeacon Evans, drove to Cheltenham, remaining there over Sunday, and on the following day proceeded to Swansea. Tuesday saw him at Aberystwyth; and on Thursday the car took the Bishop of Llandaff to Lampeter. Friday was the occasion of a visit to Llanfihangel-Penbedw, in North Pembrokeshire; while on the following day the week's work was completed by a run to Felinbel, near Llanelly.

Much is being said and written at the moment with regard to the employment of oxygen as a fillip to the

LAYING THE DUST:
DUST TRIALS
AT BROOKLANDS.
JULY 23.



THE DUST RAISED BY THE DENNIS CAR.

THE 30-35-H.P. DENNIS,
WITH WHEELS Cased IN,
BODY WELL FORWARD,
UNDER-SHIELD FROM
FLY-WHEEL AND TAPERING
UPWARDS.

The Dennis cars were fitted with canvas under-screens. The best of them was the car fitted with wheels cased and an under-shield, and the body high off the ground.

seven hundred-odd miles of the Scottish Reliability Trials. The Silver Ghost was still running at the time of writing, having completed 8031 miles, with full intention to total 10,000 miles before stopping. Should she succeed in this attempt, all that will be recorded against her will be a stop of a few seconds to turn on the petrol-tap.

Admirable in intention as were the dust-trials held at Brooklands last week, they have, I fear, taught us but little more than we knew with regard to the cause of dust-raising. As car after car passed at speed over the narrow strip of dust between the wheels, with the latter running on the clean cement, it was evident from what followed that the wheels, and the wheels alone, are responsible for lifting the dust off the road. What becomes of it after it has been so raised depends very largely upon the motion given to the air passing under the body and issuing from beneath it and the mud-guards, and this effect will be shown in the photographs taken at the time. Little or no difference could be distinguished by the naked eye between the majority of the vehicles, although it was palpable that the White steam-car and the Spyker threw much less dust than any of the others.



MARTIN'S 20-H.P. VELOX WITH DISC-WHEEL.

Mr. Edward Martin had fitted pneumatic disc-wheels to his 20-h.p. Velox car, but while it did not raise more dust than the standard car, it showed no improvement.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

MEMBERS—DOUBLES—HOLIDAY MEETINGS.

SOME years ago the late Duchess of Montrose (better known to racegoers as "Mr. Manton") always watched the finish of the races at Goodwood from the number-board enclosure at the commencement of the paddock. It was then

that I suggested in *The Sketch* that ladies should be admitted to the members' enclosure. There is this year, for the first time, a covered gallery above the private stand, to which ladies, if introduced by a member, are admitted. Why will not the Duke of Richmond become a whole-hogger and allow the ladies to use the members' enclosure, as they do at all the Park meetings? Ladies like to do their own betting, and they are equally interested with the gentlemen in watching the finishes of the races from a good pitch. There is plenty of room in the present enclosure for two thousand ladies, and their presence would, of course, add a charm to the surroundings.

Goodwood has now to fight very strong rivals, and I offer the suggestion that, successfully to withstand competition, the Duke should use the weapons employed so effectively by the enemy. It is said that the Stewards' Cup will next year be transferred to the Wednesday—a good move, if a useful handicap be put in its place on the Tuesday's card. It is a thousand

pities that it is not possible to start a half-crown ring opposite to the winning-post, and I suggest that a slice be taken off the lower lawn, and this, with the corner enclosure, could be made into one of the best cheap rings in the country.

Several double-event books have already been opened on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which proves that playful little doubles are still very popular with the crowd. One of the horses fancied for the Cesarewitch is The White Knight, who is one of the best stayers in the country, and who would, without a doubt, have won the race last year but for an accident that prevented his going to the post.

Another fancy is Mintagon, who won the race last year, but ran last for the Great Metropolitan at Epsom this year. This horse belongs to a blind man, Mr. Hill, who, despite his infirmity, takes the liveliest interest in racing. Strange to add, Father Blind, who won the Great Metropolitan, is fancied for the Cesarewitch. He is trained by Mr. Peebles, whose family for years supplied the paper on which the

Times was printed. Great Scot, trained by Gilpin, is a great public fancy. This horse showed good form in India, and he is by now acclimatised. I should say Polymelus, if started, is sure to have a following; and the same may be said of The Page, who always performs well over this track. The Cambridgeshire will attract a big field, as it always does, and the winner will take a lot of finding if the handicappers do their work well. One of the present favourites is Fra Diavolo, the smart three-year-old owned by Hallick. Another fancied is Lally, who must be one of the best horses in training at the distance. Lally is now under the charge of John Lewis, who engineered the big coup landed by Comedy in this race in 1891, when, it is said, £70,000 was taken out of the ring. Lewis is a capable trainer, and this horse, if entered, should go very close.

The only flat-race meetings to take place on the August Bank Holiday are those fixed for Sandown, Birmingham, and Ripon. Thus, sportsmen in the South, North, and Midlands will be catered for. There is also a jumping meeting set to take place at Newton Abbot, which is certain to be thoroughly enjoyed by dwellers in the West. I expect the Sandown meeting will be a great success, and it is to be hoped it will add to the dividends of the shareholders in this company. Here I would digress to hint that, despite the loss of this particular fixture, the Hurst Park syndicate should have little difficulty in earning 10 per cent. per annum—the maximum that may be paid to its shareholders under the Jockey Club's new rule. The managers at Sandown are laying themselves out to have everything in readiness for a record crowd, but I think the check-ogram, so far as the cheap ring is concerned, will have to be suspended for this day only, as there may be serious difficulty in getting the crowd in and out of the ring. The race-track has been railed right round, on the Ascot plan, and this is a great improvement. It is now possible to keep the crowd off the course. The new number-board in the cheap ring is a good move. The course just now is well covered with herbage. Backers should go slowly, as form does not pan out very well at holiday-times.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



ACTORS' STYLE AT GOLF:
MR. HENRY A. LYTTON DRIVING.

Photograph by Dixon and Co.



ACTORS' STYLE AT GOLF:
MR. ROBERT NAINBY DRIVING.

Photograph by Dixon and Co.



MISS BEATRICE KERR, HOLDER
OF THE AUSTRALIAN SWIMMING
CHAMPIONSHIP, AND MISS ELLA
MACKAY, SCOTTISH CHAMPION.

Miss Kerr, the Australian lady champion is on the left; Miss Mackay is on the right. On Saturday, the 20th, they raced at Blackpool for the quarter-mile championship. Miss Kerr stopped after 150 yards. Miss Mackay won in 7 min. 43 4-5 sec.

Photograph by Fotoco.



ACTORS' STYLE AT GOLF:
MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON MAKES
A LONG SHOT.

Photograph by Dixon and Co.



ACTORS' STYLE AT GOLF:
MR. GEORGE BARRETT PLAYING
THROUGH THE GREEN.

Photograph by Dixon and Co.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Degenerates on the River.

If the strictures of Max Nordau be true, we are in a parlous state just now in England, and especially on the Thames. Some time ago the author of "Degeneration" attempted to prove that the inordinate love of pet animals displayed by us moderns was an infallible sign of mental and physical deterioration. What would he say to the present mania among the Anglo-Saxon races for the toy or mechanical animal? For not only has the Teddy-Bear created something like a national scandal in America, but it is already invading these shores, and threatens to become ubiquitous. On the river, again, nearly every punt (and the punt is nowadays your only river craft except a launch) sports at its prow a nodding yellow chicklet, an irate black kitten, tied up with pink ribbons, or a small dog made of chenille or wool. Other fantasies to be seen on the upper reaches are even less pleasing. A pirate canoe for a regatta sported a black flag, was draped in black, and carried as third passenger a bogey skeleton with a lantern in lieu of a face. These eccentricities do not even show imagination, and one prefers to think of Shelley under the Quarry Woods at Marlow, diligently making, and gravely sailing, his fleet of paper boats.

Visiting Clothes.

The great feminine question just now is that of the kind of clothes which are to be taken on various visits. For the ordinary Man the problem is simple, a suit-case containing most of the things that he wants for a short stay, unless he be an incurable dandy; but for Woman the subject bristles with complications. The Expensive Miss Du Cane, as everyone knows, made for herself an amorous disaster by dressing "beyond her station," while the lady in George Paston's play, "Clothes and the Woman," had the time of her life, on the river, by extravagant expenditure on garments which allure and ensnare. Which road, then, is the visitor to tread—the primrose path of ostentation and extravagance, or the thorny way of self-denial and dowdiness? Another difficulty is that clothes cannot be taken visiting often, for though we are obliged to bring with us the same face, our hostess will not forgive us for bringing last year's hat; while, by some mysterious and inexorable law, a dinner-dress should only be seen once, and the more fantastic kind of tea-gown is allowed only the existence of a May-fly. Again, every woman of resource loves to have one trump-card in her trunk, to be played at the psychological moment, and this necessitates abstruse calculations. In short, the exigencies of country-house visiting make some of us content that we are not persons of such high fashion that an unlimited wardrobe is expected of us.

The Newest Rest-Cure.

The latest idea in rest-cures is so simple, so economical, and so efficacious that it was bound to remain—like most radiant truths—undiscovered till an advanced stage of civilisation. It is true that what are strangely called the "working classes" (as if

everybody did not work like a beaver nowadays!) have long since discovered the merits of the treatment, and have put it to habitual practice. For this cure you do not have to travel by land, water, or air, neither do you require a special diet, medical attendance, any complicated apparatus, deleterious drugs, or noxious mineral waters. It is in high fashion in Middlesbrough, as Lady Bell tells us in her new book, and other centres of strenuous industry and bodily labour. It soothes, rests, and rehabilitates the tired body and jaded nerves in a way which sun, light, and air cures somehow fail to do. And it simply consists in spending every Sunday in bed.

Parisian Cafés in London.

If "Paris in London" becomes an accomplished fact, and an open-air café, with little tables, is established in the beating heart of the Strand, we may see a sudden and curious change in national manners. Hitherto, the Englishman, and, still more, the Englishwoman, has had an innate dislike to being seen eating or drinking out of doors; but if once the small white table in the street becomes the fashion, who knows if our most modish persons will not elect to sit on the pavement and drink *apéritifs* or *sirop de groseilles*, and smoke cigarettes as they languidly watch the passers-by? It is true the Strand does not offer an ideal background for an open-air spectacle, for, except for its theatres, it has nothing in common with the Boulevard des Capucines. It has no green plane-trees fantastically lit up by lamps, no elegant shops, and no procession of editors, men-about-town, wits, and poets thronging its pavements of an evening. Still, something might be effected in this respect if M. Gerard's scheme for Aldwych is realised. Indeed, in the interests of the Entente, a number of typical boulevardiers might be sent over to promenade the Strand and teach the more strenuous Londoner how to "loaf."

The Cost of a Dandy.

Women of fortune, who often have a turn for economy, should beware of marrying a dandy, for this peerless product of our civilisation is, according to the latest experts, a treasure so costly that millionaires may well turn pale at the prospect of possessing several sons with a taste for dress. Your modern Beau Brummell, it seems, will easily get rid of a couple of thousand a year on his beautiful person, for motoring has added enormously to dress expenses; and besides, does he not spend

(one gasps at the thought) one hundred and fifty pounds a year on sticks and umbrellas, and nearly eight hundred a year on shirts, socks, gloves, pyjamas, and those innocent-looking little spotted cravats, which we always think cost but a few paltry pence? Of course it is a female writer who has unmasked this monster of personal extravagance, probably as a warning to our sex not to be misled by the eye as to the merits and charms of a lover. If this appalling disclosure should get about, "dowdy" young men will be at a premium, and the possession of side-whiskers the only sure recommendation a suitor can offer to an eligible lady.



A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING EVENING GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE poor, dear season passed peacefully away last week. To continue the simile, it is being waked this week at Goodwood, and will be buried next week in the Solent with full naval honours from twenty-four miles of ships, and a whole fleet of several hundred pleasure and racing craft at Cowes. Goodwood is very brilliant, the King is the guest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The Duke's pretty, tall, fair young daughter, who has already twice been his Majesty's hostess when the Queen was with him, is this week entertaining the King and a house-party approved by his Majesty to meet him. Lady Helen is tall, and has a lovely complexion, beautiful silky fair hair, and charming blue eyes. She is perfectly natural and sweet in manner, and is a capital sportswoman. Like so many members of her family, she is specially successful with the rod.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who are not in the least racing people, yet give support to the big local meeting by having a large party at Arundel for it. Lord and Lady Carnarvon are with them. He is, of course, a great racing man, and the Countess is one of the smartest dressers we have. She knows exactly how to suit her dainty, petite person with pretty Parisian clothes. Probably they are not Parisian at all, but they look as if they were, which is what is required of them. Lord and Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart are there also. Lady Ninian is an Irish girl who married the Marquess of Bute's younger brother some time last year. They have a baby boy, who was eagerly welcomed, for Lord Ninian has great possessions, and is heir-presumptive to the marquise at present. Lord Leconfield, one of the richest and nicest of bachelor hosts, is entertaining at Petworth, Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean Park, the Arthur Sassoons at Brighton, and heaps of other people go from Eastbourne, have taken houses in the neighbourhood, or motor from places round.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster finished up the season at Eaton Hall by giving a big garden-party there on Friday. The Duchess looked charming all in white, and her two beautiful children, Lord Grosvenor and Lady Ursula Grosvenor, came in for a great deal of baby-worship. They are a delightful pair. The grounds and gardens at Eaton are very beautiful, and the River Dee, slow and stately, flows past the house. Beautiful gowns looked their best in such surroundings; they were of all colours, but much white was worn. The Duke has a miniature railway round part of the estate, which conveys all sorts of things to and from the house, and carries passengers, if required. Last summer there were polo-matches, at which the Duchess was present, riding astride. The Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Castle-reagh have adopted this position in the saddle. All three ladies have beautifully cut double skirts for riding and very smart coats. They look remarkably well. Seeing them without knowing they were astride, a judge of equestrian art would exclaim at once on the excellence of their seat.

I notice that the place of jewelled dog-collars is being taken for the travelling and country house season by velvet round the neck, with a graceful jewelled necklet over it. The soft, rich texture of velvet is very becoming to the skin. The style of the neck-ornament, too, is most graceful, and suitable

to the dignified but quieter kind of dressing that our well-born Englishwomen consider right for any but great occasions. The Parisian Diamond Company's new design, as shown in the illustration, is one of the newest which has gained special favour. The pendants are cabochon emeralds, but can, of course, be other gems. Now that we have such a firm it is possible for women to match their jewels to their clothes, even if they be not the wives of millionaires.

The old-world fashion of wearing miniatures is once more in vogue. It is a pretty fashion, with a charming touch of sentiment

about it. I saw some the other day at Keturah Collings' tasteful rooms in North Audley Street that were very charming. There was a tiny one of the Queen of Spain, and such a pretty one of Lady Jean Cochrane, Lady Dundonald's pretty second girl, a débutante of this season. It was rather large in a frame of white enamel, hung on a velvet background in a larger frame. I was agreeably surprised to discover that from five guineas one can have them executed on ivory, and from three-and-a-

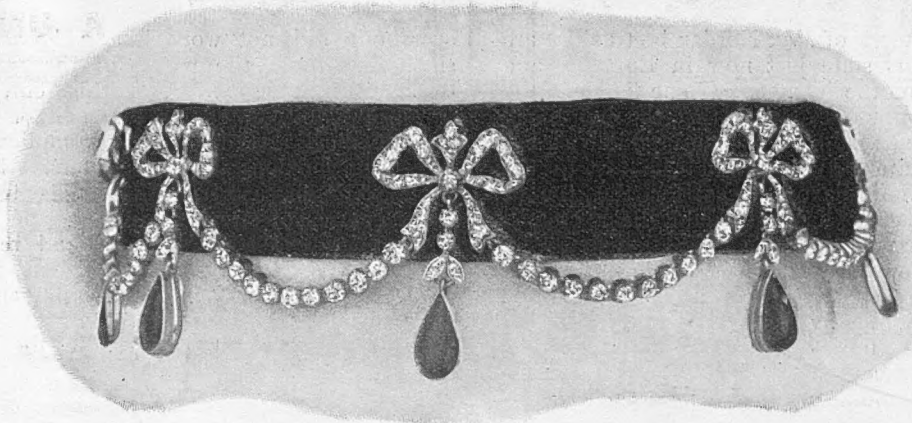
half guineas on vellum. The pendants and frames, too, struck me as very fascinating, especially some neat little travelling-cases, with talc to protect the portrait. One of these would be a delightful wedding-present to a man, containing a pretty miniature of the bride.

I met a very frank woman the other day who confessed to forty-five years when she might well have passed for thirty. She seemed quite to enjoy my surprise.

Her skin was singularly fresh and soft. "What soap do you use?" said I, intent on learning a secret of such value. "I never put soap on my face. Oh, you needn't think I am not fastidious, for I am very. I find that 'I.C.Y.' cold cream is a far better cleanser than soap, and has a very salubrious effect on the skin. After rubbing it on with my fingers I rub it off with a soft cloth or a chamois leather, and no wash could be more refreshing or effectual. Sometimes after the 'I.C.Y.' cold cream I lave my face with tepid water. There is no chemical, and caustic alkali is just fatal to a decent complexion." Need I say that I have laid in a supply of my friend's delightful "I.C.Y." preparation, which is as cheese to chalk in comparison with ordinary cold creams. I believe it is going to do a lot for my skin. Anyway, it has commenced well.

Quantities of coloured linen coats and skirts are prepared for Cowes, also many of the new thick tussore shan-tung. Hats for yachting are always a knotty point—a sailor's knot, of course. They must not resist the wind too much, and they must shade the eyes. Stitched tussore hats in all kinds of prettily shaded colours, and made to bend into any kind of shape, have been freely ordered. They are very light and very picturesque, and the only trimming is a thin silk scarf with short, fringed ends.

On "Woman's Ways" page an illustration of a distinguished-looking evening-gown will be found. It is of soft, rich, white crêpe-de-Chine, with insertions of lace introduced in bodice and skirt. There is a large black velvet bow in front of the bodice, and the hem is of black velvet.



A NEW DESIGN AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



A LIPTON YACHTING CUP FOR THE BOSTON OLD HOME WEEK.

The trophy, which is of solid silver, partly gift, is made in the form of a loving cup, with three handles composed of sea-horses, representing speed. The spaces between the handles are occupied by oval panels, one bearing the American and British flags and the "Shamrock" racing flag entwined with laurel, all enamelled in proper colours; of the remaining panels, one contains a representation, in relief, of a racing boat, and the other of the Boston seal. The trophy, which is presented by Sir Thomas Lipton, has been designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd. (silversmiths to His Majesty the King), 112, Regent Street, London, W.



"THE COCK O' THE NORTH": A STRIKING RAILWAY POSTER FOR THE TOURIST SEASON IN SCOTLAND.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

HOLIDAY MARKETS.

BARELY out of a settlement before the August Bank Holiday is upon us, the Stock Exchange is practically assured of an idle fortnight. All the schools are breaking up, or have already broken up, and the grand family exodus begins, which should be the genesis of bringing numbers of buyers into the Home Railway Market. The public appetite, however, is not set upon Home Railways, and the constant offering of high-class stocks by Corporations—home and foreign—has produced a daintiness of investment palate which will only condescend to taste bargains. Money remains but moderately easy: there are some in the Consol Market who profess to anticipate an early rise in the Bank Rate. We do not think it is as bad as that, but with holidays and money combined against the prospects of business, we are afraid that the outlook for the latter is not sunny just at present.

AMERICANS.

In a way, the gamble in Yankees is amusing enough, because the same game has been played so often before that curiosity is alive to see whether any novelties will be introduced to trap the public on this occasion. A new element has certainly entered into the business this time, because never before has the dividend on a railway stock been postponed for a week, while, simultaneously, the President announces that the rate will be, as in the case of the Southern Pacific, 6 per cent. Mr. Harriman deserves all our thanks for the astonishing spectacle, but it may be respectfully hoped that this sort of thing will not develop into common use. If it does, we can easily foresee the day when some unscrupulous magnate will postpone a dividend, himself announce one rate, and get another declared at the delayed directors' meeting. As things are, to deal in Americans is very like gambling in a blind pool. Things should not be bought when they are good, or sold when they are flat. That is all the counsel we care to venture upon now.

CANADIAN ISSUES.

What they say in the Yankee market over here is that there is a heavy bear account in Canadas across the pond. Every effort, according to this theory, is therefore directed to keep down the price of the shares, and it is a little curious to see how closely the price keeps in the vicinity of 180. In a month's time the shares will go ex-dividend, so that the current quotation is no better than 176½ ex-dividend, allowing that the dividend will be 7 per cent., bonus included. At this figure, the shares appear attractive again, although attention must be directed to the official estimate that the harvest in certain parts of Canada will be three-fourths or two-thirds of what it was last year. The Canadian Pacific, however, can safely be trusted to work up to a dividend basis of 8 per cent., which would mean the price of the shares going to about 200. With regard to Grand Trunks, the stocks look quite high enough, although we acknowledge that the buying of late months has been good and influential. It is, however, better to buy Bays than Trunks: the shares have more spring in them than the stocks.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

(Quite a long time, isn't it?)

The Stock Exchange.

Reminders are forced upon us all the way round that this time last year a Kaffir boom was getting itself into swing. There is a sort of pathetic, though unspoken, appeal in these reminders, as if the speaker would like to say, "Can't you get up another one for us?" and doesn't do so in case he may appear greedy. Of course, we may get a little animation in Kaffirs, and I often talk with men in the market who say that one of these days the whole aspect of the Kaffir Circus will be changed. Which rather suggests The Last Trump. Before then, however, it is expected that the market will turn round, but nevertheless, the very men who talk like this are generally found to be bears. We shall not have much rise in Kaffirs at present. Am very much afraid the movements will be in the other direction.

The greatest pessimist I know upon Stock Exchange matters is a bull of—Home Rails! They seem such funny things to get up enthusiasm about, because the market is about as firm as a jelly-fish—the sort that stings. I think there is a good deal in the theory that railway boards are putting money into the lines rather than into profit-accounts; they don't want Mr. Bell and his Labour friends to be able to point to fat dividends and say that the money has been earned at the expense of the sweated railwayman. So, perhaps, railway-directors are making things look, at all events, quite as bad as they can, if not worse. The policy, apart from political considerations, is one which seldom meets with the approval of the Ordinary stockholders, but its adoption—potitics still apart—has been vindicated times without number, as witness some of the best American roads, the Mexican Railway, the Grand Trunk, the San Paulo, and others. With Socialism so very much a bull of itself at the moment, substantially increased railway dividends might act as a flaring red rag to the Labour party. Therefore, dividends are restrained, and the market remains miserably depressed, though, perhaps, not so miserably as might be the case if Labour, encouraged by good profit statements, advanced its legislative proposals for crippling the railway industry further.

Now Berwicks at 138 do look cheap, although the Company will doubtless have to pay a much higher coal-bill this time than it did in the corresponding half of 1906. The stock is cum 2½ per cent. dividend, and returns £4 12s. 6d. on the money. No railway in the kingdom is managed with greater enterprise, science, or care, and the carry forward for the current six months is the enormous sum of £101,000. One would hesitate very much to say that the price might not fall further: the market for Home Railway stocks is in a nervous, sensitive state that could easily suffer the bears to inflict further blows upon its prices. But, in the long run, I should say that Berwicks, North Eastern Consols, will recover to 150, and in the meantime the investor who buys the stock will get a good rate of interest on his money.

Because Stock Exchange reform does not happen to be in the air, it is a mistake to suppose that nothing is being done. The usefulest sort of spade-work is in capable hands, and the next election of the Stock Exchange Committee will show how far these efforts of the reformers have extended. There are several points in the programme, the relative importance of which do not appear to have been quite determined by their supporters; but so far as the public are concerned, it strikes me

that the demand for every Company to issue a prospectus if it desires a Special Settlement for its shares is the most important reform to be undertaken.

A small matter, but I am sure you will forgive the observation, that the Hovis 6 per cent. Preference shares, recommended here some few weeks back at 21s. 3d., have now risen to 22s. 6d.

Broken Hill shares are completely eclipsed in popular favour by the Zinc fiasco. As regards Zincs, the less said the better. It is, however, a thousand pities that the whole of the Barrier market should be tinged with suspicion because of what has occurred in the case of the Zinc Corporation. In one sense, it is fortunate for speculative investors, in that they are enabled to buy Broken Hill "Props" and others of this group at remarkably low prices at the very time when the Companies are doing better than ever. The Proprietary, for example, has got on to the 12s. per share per annum basis, so that at 4 (the price is about 4½ cum 3s. dividend) the yield works out to 15 per cent. on the money. Speculative, of course, but the property is a magnificent one. And honestly managed. At 5½ the shares would not be over-valued.

Wingfield House, the home for working lads which is supported almost entirely by Stock Exchange subscriptions, has just sent about fifty of its fellows down to camp at Dovercourt. For some ten days the town lads get fresh air, sea-bathing, and the thousand delights which come from camping-out. Of course, this sort of thing costs money, and it is rather surprising that members who do not make a practice of regularly subscribing to the funds of the home miss the opportunity which this annual trip of the fellows to the seaside affords for showing a little practical sympathy with an excellent work, very quietly carried on.

And when shall I have the pleasure of meeting you again? Yes; so do I. One never knows, of course, but I think you will be quite safe in merely saying "Au revoir" to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

SALT UNION PREFS.

The £4 Ordinary shares of the Salt Union, Limited, have been actively dealt in recently round about 19s., after being as low this year as 12s. 6d., while in 1906 they touched 9s. 3d. It is to be presumed that those who are willing to pay this price for these shares believe that there is a good prospect of their at last returning to the list of dividend-payers, and it is worth while pointing out that, if these shares receive any dividend, the dividend on the Preference shares will be increased beyond 7 per cent. When the Preference shares were reduced in 1902 from £10 to £6, it was arranged that, in addition to the 7 per cent. on the reduced value, which requires £42,000, they should carry the right to half any surplus profits available for distribution in any year, until the Preference shareholders receive their full original dividend of £70,000. Thus, supposing it were possible for the current year, or for 1908, to distribute 1s. a share to the Ordinary shareholders, which would take £10,000, the Preference shareholders would receive £52,000, or rather more than 10s. a share. It is impossible, of course, to forecast what distribution the Directors may find themselves able to announce for the current year, but it is well known that the Salt Union's prospects have been changed altogether by the formation of the North-Western Salt Company in September last, which has put an end to ruinous rate-cutting, and has caused a rise in the selling price to a figure which gives a satisfactory profit to the producer. Nineteen Hundred and Six was the worst year of recent times for those engaged in the salt industry; nevertheless, the Salt Union came comparatively well out of the fight, making a net profit of £70,104, as against £68,400 in 1905, and the quantity of salt delivered by the Company was 910,000 tons, against 861,000 in the previous year. Debenture interest requires £54,000, and to pay this and 7 per cent. on the Preference shares a net profit of £96,000 would be necessary. It will be seen, therefore, that a very small increase in the profit per ton on the large output of the Company would be sufficient to enable, at any rate, 7 per cent. to be paid on the Preference shares. As the Deputy Chairman remarked at the last annual meeting: "You may, however, estimate the present situation in another way, and say, if we have earned £70,000 during the year, when the lowest prices on record (in many cases, much below the cost of production) ruled for the inland trade, which is always looked upon as the lucrative part of the business in normal times, what are the prospects now that those prices are established on a profitable basis?" The Company's position has lately been further improved by a mutually satisfactory agreement with Brunner, Mond, and Co. on matters which had for some time been in dispute. On the whole, I think that in view of the much better prices ruling for salt, the Preference shares are a good investment at current prices, and are likely to reach a considerably higher figure. Q.

P.S.—All the Rubber shares favourably mentioned here have improved materially in the past fortnight, notably *Anglo-Malays, Bukit Rajahs, and Batu Tigas*. To the list previously recommended I should like to add *Highlands and Lowlands*. Discrimination is more than ever necessary at the enhanced prices, more especially with regard to new Companies. July 27, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GOLF-BALL.—(1) The Railway Debentures should not be touched. They are guaranteed, certainly, but who guarantees the guarantor? (2) Possibly may be worth buying as a long shot, to lock up for a few years. (3) Fair security. (4) Should be left severely alone.

W. BENN.—These geographical schemes look pretty, but in several of the securities you enumerate there is so little market that we think you would make a great mistake in exchanging.

D. W.—Your letter was fully answered on the 24th inst.

READER.—The Motor-Bus Company was one of those amalgamated into the Vanguard Motorbus Company. The price of the Ordinary shares is about half-a-crown. Should advise you to keep them now.

FIELD OFFICER.—We see very little chance of any improvement worth mentioning, and should not buy more. They may move up ten shillings or so, but we think it would be wise to take advantage of any improvement to sell the shares.

YOUNGSTER.—Broomassies are the best. Champion Reefs might suit you. Buy some Diesel Gas-Engines if you want a spec. in low-priced shares.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Goodwood Plate will be won by Great Scot and the Goodwood Cup by The White Knight. Some of the following may go close: Singleton Plate, Varra Weel; Apprentices' Handicap, Ardea; Findon Stakes, Moccasin; Sussex Stakes, Wool Winder; Corinthian Plate, Golden Saint; Drayton Handicap, Dean Swift; Rous Memorial Stakes, Vamose; Chesterfield Cup, Gold Riach; Chichester Plate, Ardeer; Gordon Stakes, Galvani. At Alexandra Park, I like Wise Bird for the Municipal Handicap, and Let Go the Painter for the Alexandra Welter. At Sandown on Monday, Summer may win the August Handicap, Titan the Lubbock Handicap, and Winking Anne the North Surrey Handicap; Little Flutter ought to win the Holiday Two-Year-Old Stakes, and Acclaim the Lanmas Stakes.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON is a luscious writer, which, no doubt, has as much to do with his popularity as his talent for inventing marvellous plots. Much lusciousness, indeed, may be forgiven to a man who has written "The Iron Pirate," and, in any case, the general public probably sees nothing to forgive, for it loves a full flavour in its dishes. It will enjoy the tears that "rolled unwiped down a ragged jerkin" at the beginning of "The Lodestar" (Ward, Lock), and the chivalrous rage of Alban—"he knew not wholly why he thus acted, if not upon some impulse which would avenge the wrongs good women had suffered at the hands of such an impostor as this"—and particularly, we are sure, the opulence of Anna Gessner, whose ample skirts flashed into her boudoir, and who owned "a superb victoria drawn by two strawberry roans," and drove in Hyde Park in it, as a millionaire's only daughter should. Mr. Pemberton's people do not belong to the real world, but to another far more entrancing one, the Stageland where virtue is rewarded, though vice may triumph for a time, where maidens are ever fair, and heroic sentiments are, in the vernacular, two a penny. It is a fine, breezy country, and here it is to one's hand—no post-prandial excursion to Drury Lane necessary, nothing to be done but to sit back in an easy-chair and to open "The Lodestar" at Book I., Chapter I.

Dealing with the phenomenon of second sight in a novel is commonly an unsatisfactory business, and we are not altogether sure if Miss Montrésor has acted for the best in writing "The Burning Torch" (John Murray) round the incident of Dolores's gift of prevision. It is only an incident; the great strength of the book lies in the picture of the Muncassens family, and in the inexorable advance of tragedy upon it. Dolores foresaw the trouble to come, when the Muncassens were at the height of their prosperity; but what Dolores saw is unessential. "The Burning Torch" is a modern version of the old, old story of the godless rich man. It is a sermon in fiction, with a far surer grip upon the vanity of earthly hopes than most pulpit sermons possess. It is also a character-study of quite uncommon depth, and a lesson in the art of writing of grave events with a direct and still delicate touch. On all counts—whether or no the supernatural gift be acceptable—a book to be read.

Mr. Heinemann announces for publication "The Life of James McNeill Whistler," by Elizabeth and Joseph Pennell, authorised by the late Mr. Whistler himself, and founded on material supplied by him and by his own relatives and friends. The work will be in two volumes, elaborately illustrated.

GENERAL NOTES.

THE Lord Mayor and Corporation of Cardiff, in order to commemorate the recent visit of their Majesties and H.R.H. Princess Victoria, intend to present 40,000 specially designed boxes containing milk chocolate to the school-children of that city, and have entrusted the execution of this large order to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, of Bristol and London, makers to his Majesty the King.

The Highland Railway have just issued an A.B.C. Guide, which supplies with fulness and simplicity every possible information likely to be required by a prospective visitor to the Highlands of Scotland. The descriptive matter is both original and succinct. Fares are set forth in detail from practically every railway-station in England and Wales to every station on the Highland line. Particulars are given of numerous circular tours by rail, steamer, and coach. Another feature is a full list of free fishings and of golf-courses. Copies may be obtained from Messrs. W. T. Hedges, Limited, Effingham House, Strand, W.C., post free.

Messrs. R. Thorne and Sons, Limited, the well-known malt whisky distillers, have been commissioned to supply their "Old Vat" whisky to the House of Commons.

The West Country at this time of the year is exceptionally beautiful, and the many who will be travelling thither for the August holiday will find the London and South-Western Railway Company's improved and accelerated express service from London very convenient. New through express trains run from Waterloo Station to Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Bideford, Bude, Padstow, Launceston, Wadebridge, and other places in North Devon and Cornwall; also to Plymouth, Exeter, Tavistock, Okehampton (for Dartmoor, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, etc.). The principal trains are formed of luxurious corridor stock, with luncheon and dining-saloons.

It may be that while the moon alters the weather, and dictates the movements of the clouds, the sunspots send us a little extra heat, and that so, the two together may combine to give us a summer fit to be out in. But sunspots are eccentricities, while the moon is always there, and, moreover, is a planet that is most commendably regular in her habits. Astronomers can calculate the changes of the moon for centuries ahead, if that is of any good to anyone, but when they come to talking of the sunspots they are hopelessly out of it, and have no more idea than the man in the moon himself when or where they are going to appear. It may safely be asserted, then, that when we come to talking of the changes of the weather, the moon is, as the late Lord Salisbury would have said, the right horse to put your money on.

VINOLIA.

**On the
One Hand**

Health demands Vinolia.

It cleanses the pores of the skin gently yet thoroughly, and enables them to perform those functions so necessary to health and comeliness.

**For
Health.**



**On the
Other Hand**

Beauty deserves Vinolia.

It is the best. The pure and healing oils which form the basis of its composition soothe and nourish the cuticle, and leave the skin soft, smooth, and refreshed.

**For
Beauty.**

Premier 4d.; Floral 6d.; Medical 8d.; Toilet (Otto) 10d.; Vestal 2/6.